The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 70. Vol. XII. JULY, 1897. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August *in the* September *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

With regard to Canadian copyright, there seems to be a very general feeling in Canada that before long a law will be passed on the following general lines. As soon as a book is published in England it shall be open to anyone to make application to Ottawa for the right of issuing a special Canadian edition. The Government will then write to the English publisher asking whether any arrangements have been made with a Canadian firm, and giving a definite time for reply. Should there be no response, or the reply be in the negative, the applicant will receive permission to issue the book at whatever price he chooses, providing he pays to the Government a royalty of ten per cent. on the published price of all copies sold. This royalty the Government will then forward to the English author or publisher. It stands to reason that no American or English edition of the book will be allowed into the country.

The great question which is still in dispute is whether the Canadian publisher shall enter into negotiations with the English publisher or shall deal direct with the English author. Of course some Canadian publishers, chiefly, we think, small and not very representative firms, will not recognise the right of the English publisher to interfere in the matter; but the majority, who, for years, have had exceedingly pleasant business relations with this country, are very anxious to continue on the same footing. They say to the English publisher: "When you have a book coming out by some popular author you should write to us suggesting terms for the Canadian edition. The best thing you can do is to supply us with a set of stereotype plates, and we would print an edition from them and would thus save all the expense of composition. Instead of the ten per cent. which would be forwarded you by Government if you made no such arrangement, we might very well be able to pay you a royalty of fifteen or even twenty per cent., which you could divide with the author." This plan seems feasible enough, and would, we think, work well for both the publisher and the author. The English publisher would still be able to control the price of the Canadian edition, and he would, of course, only make arrangements with firms whose commercial standing and capabilities were well known to him; in fact the Canadian publisher would to all intents and purposes act as his agent.

Two points must be remembered. The new law must on no account be retroactive, or the general confusion that will inevitably ensue is awful to contemplate. And then it must not be forgotten that the reading public of Canada is not large, and that only in the case of a few very popular writers will a Canadian edition have the least chance of success. A few Canadian publishers hope for great things when the new law comes into force. Unless they are very careful they will burn their fingers badly.

Ian Maclaren's new religious work, to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, will be entitled "The Potter's Wheel." An Ian Maclaren Birthday Book is also being compiled for publication in England and in America during the autumn season.

We understand that Messrs. Macmillan will remove to their new and magnificent premises in August. It is said that other firms of publishers, including Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., and Messrs. Griffith and Farran, contemplate changing their places of business.

Mrs. F. A. Steel's next book will be a collection of short stories, and will be published by Mr. Heinemann, who reaped so great a success in Mrs. Steel's story of the Indian Mutiny.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have commenced a colonial library, beginning with the works of Mr. Barrie and Ian Maclaren. These, we understand, have been very well taken up.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who has just finished another long novel, is thinking of devoting herself, for some little time at any rate, to short-story work. Mrs. Atherton is probably at her strongest in a short story, and this series should be interesting.

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, who has for some time been neglecting literature for the more opulent prizes of the City, is again at work. His new book, which will be a romantic story of modern adventure, is already well advanced, and will be finished by the autumn. It will be published serially before appearing in book form.

We hear that there is some prospect of a new uniform edition of the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling for publication in this country. The arrangement of the stories, poems, etc., will be the same as in the Outward Bound edition now being issued by Messrs. Scribner for publication only in America. It would be a pity that the American—which cannot of course be imported into England—should be the only uniform edition of the works of so distinguished a writer, and we trust that this rumour is correct.

Mr. E. F. Knight, of the *Times*, who was concerned in the journalistic libel case of Atteridge *v.* Knight, is in the front rank of modern war correspondents, and will represent his paper with the new Egyptian expedition. He has written

several books of adventure, and about two years ago, whilst in South Africa, he devoted several months to collecting facts about the British South Africa Company with a view of writing the history of that concern. For more reasons than one, that volume has not yet been written. Mr. Knight in recent years has done brilliant journalism in Northern India, in Madagascar, in Egypt, and in Greece. He belongs to the type of restless men who fret and fume when the peaceable behaviour of foreign Powers compels them to remain in London; he is much more at home in arranging the escape of a foreign queen, or acting as best man at a duke's second wedding in a remote spot of America than in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street or the Strand.

Mr. H. W. Lucy, of *Punch* and the *Daily News*, will commence a series of lectures in the autumn. The Lecture Bureau of the Outer Temple have the arrangements in hand.

Sir Walter Besant, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. Clark Russell, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Bret Harte, and Ian Maclaren have all promised to contribute to the series of articles "My Favourite Novelist and his Best Work," now appearing in *Munsey's Magazine*.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's recent bicycle accident proved more serious than had been expected. It was not attended to in time, and the result was that Mr. Crockett was incapacitated from work for some time. He is now, however, well again, and working busily in St. Andrews. He has been engaged to write a serial story in the *Windsor Magazine*, but owing to his other engagements it cannot be commenced for some time.

Mr. Barry Pain's "Octave of Claudius" is to be published next month. This is Mr. Barry Pain's first complete novel, and should arouse some curiosity on that score alone.

Mrs. Caffyn, the author of "The Yellow Aster," has written a new social character story which she entitles "Miss Becher." It is a more ambitious story than anything which Mrs. Caffyn has yet attempted, and is very well spoken of by those who have read it.

Mr. Pearson is not to publish Mr. Wells' "War of the Worlds," but his "Invisible Man," now running in *Pearson's Weekly*. This will be one of Mr. Pearson's first books for the autumn. At the same time his magazine of travel, under the title of the *Passport*, is not now likely to appear this year. It is vaguely postponed until Christmas, but the probabilities are that it will be a production of next spring.

Mr. Headon Hill's strong story of the Russian police, which he calls "By a Hair's Breadth," is to be published in America in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead.

Lord Ernest Hamilton's historical romance is to be called "Outlaws of the Marshes." Those who have read it speak of it in very high terms. It is rather a novel with an historical background than an historical novel proper.

Mr. Mason's next historical romance is to be called "Lawrence Clavering." The original title, "The White Rose," has been wisely abandoned. This book is much on the lines of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," but the character sketching is very carefully done, and the incident is brisk and vigorous.

Mr. MacLaren Cobban has just finished a new novel, which is to appear in book form in the autumn. The title is "Her Royal Highness's Love Affair," and at least one of the characters in the book is drawn to some extent from life.

Mr. Barry Pain's signature under the cockney verses in the *Daily Chronicle* on the day following the Jubilee procession revealed the authorship of the clever series which appeared in that paper some time ago over the signature of "Tompkins." Many who were already in the secret of their authorship considered these verses the best work that Mr. Pain has done, and it is to be hoped that he will give us an opportunity of re-reading them in a collected form.

Mr. H. G. Wells is engaged on a scientific romance, which he hopes to finish by the end of the year. The theme of the book is, of course, at present a secret, but we are promised something that will eclipse his previous achievements in the world of wonders.

The period of the 22nd of last month brought advantages to the studios of several black and white artists. Mr. A. S. Hartrick, of Chelsea, and Mr. E. J. Sullivan, of Hampstead, were responsible for some of the most successful Jubilee work; the most amazing and diverting picture was perhaps that of the Lord Mayor on horseback, done for the *Daily Chronicle* by another artist. The prices paid for special work in connection with the 22nd were refreshingly high.

Mr. Lewis Baumer is writing and illustrating a fanciful book for children, to be published by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ld. Mr. Baumer has of late made some successful essays in poster work.

Messrs. Harpers have taken over the publishing business of Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. The firm has distinguished itself, alike for the excellence of its books and the tasteful manner in which these have been got up, and has reaped a great success in the publication of the new and uniform edition of Mr. Hardy's works. We have no doubt that Messrs. Harpers have taken to heart what has recently been said about the non-popularity of American authors in England, and that they will make a new departure in introducing American authors to our public.

We are glad to hear that one American author, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, whose books have hitherto done little in this country, promises to be successful with the new book published by Mr. Heinemann. In spite of the Jubilee quite a number of copies have been sold.

The Jubilee season has injured authors and publishers in many ways, and there is a fear that there will be an excessive production of books during the autumn season. We scarcely think, however, so far as present opinion goes, that this will be the case. However this may be, some have determined to take time by the forelock, and Mr. Du Maurier's book, "The Martian," and Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "The Christian," will see the light shortly. Of the latter an almost unprecedented first edition of 50,000 will be printed.

We understand that Professor George Adam Smith has received quite a number of letters by Professor Drummond, which will be used in his biography.

The death is announced of Mrs. Stevenson, the devoted mother of the novelist. It is well known that Mr. Stevenson's father, to whom he was tenderly attached, stood for a long time in doubt of his gifted son. His mother, however, and his aunt steadily encouraged his literary aspirations, and, as is well known, Mrs. Stevenson gave the crowning proof of her devotion to her son by going to join him in Samoa. When she returned to Edinburgh she went to live with the brilliant sister who survives her.

Mr. Frank A. Munsey, the proprietor and editor of *Munsey's Magazine*, has been over in this country partly on pleasure and partly on business. This is Mr. Munsey's second visit to England. A bachelor of forty-two, Mr. Munsey has succeeded in founding one of the greatest publishing concerns in America, yielding last year profits not surpassed even by the well-known firms which have recently been formed into great limited liability companies in this country. He has at present three publications—*Munsey's Magazine*, which claims a circulation of 700,000 copies, much the largest in the States or anywhere else; the *Puritan*, a paper for ladies, which Mr. Munsey hopes to raise in the course of a year to a circulation of 300,000 copies; and the *Argosy*, a large ten-cent magazine, with a circulation of about 80,000.

The great profits in America are made chiefly upon the advertisements, which reach a scale unapproached in this country. In such a great country as America the circulation of daily papers is necessarily restricted as it is not here, and the magazine is the only form of publication which goes over the whole region. Hence the advertisers use them very extensively.

Mr. Munsey commenced business as the publisher of a weekly paper, in which he lost a fair amount of money. He came to the conclusion that the weekly field in America practically did not exist, having been destroyed by the great Sunday newspapers. He then turned his attention to magazine publication, in which he was almost immediately successful, and, notwithstanding rivalry, his success has grown. At first Mr. Munsey established his magazine on the principle of making it thoroughly readable from cover to cover, and seeking no aid from celebrated names. This policy was triumphantly successful, and Mr. Munsey has seen no reason to distrust it even now, but with increasing prosperity he has so far modified the plan of his magazine. He has increased it to 160 pages, and sixty pages of these at least are contributed by eminent writers. Mr. Hall Caine's serial story, "The Christian," has appeared in *Munsey's*, and also a story by Mr. Marion Crawford. Of the two Mr. Hall Caine's story seems to have made the deeper impression on American readers.

Mr. Munsey proposes to establish an edition of his magazine in this country, if not this autumn, then next autumn. He will not put it in the hands of any English publisher, but will himself establish an office and send over an American manager. Sixty pages will be devoted to purely English matter, a hundred pages being common to both the English and American editions.

Meantime Mr. Munsey has been making arrangements with English authors for contributions. He has selected to follow Mr. Hall Caine in his magazine Mr. Max Pemberton, whose popularity with editors both in England and in America seems to be continually on the increase, and whose resources are apparently inexhaustible.

Mr. Munsey gives it as his opinion that there is no author at present so popular with the American public as Mr. Anthony Hope. We have pleasure in announcing that Mr. Hope has completed his arrangements for a lecture tour throughout the States during the forthcoming autumn season. We believe it is a fact that English authors who have lectured in America have found that the sales of their books have been more than doubled.

Photographed by] [*W. Crooke, Edinburgh.*

THE MOTHER OF R. L. STEVENSON.

Another of Mr. Munsey's projects is to issue cheap books, well got up, copyright, and by eminent authors, at the price of a shilling. Should he be successful in this, a great change will ultimately pass over the face of publishing, but in order to make it successful the number of readers will have to be multiplied sixfold. It appears that the cost of production has been so greatly reduced in America that it is now possible to produce books and magazines cheaper than in England. If this is so, the fact will have important bearings on the royalties paid to English authors, and, as a matter of fact, we learn that these have lately increased. This may be due, however, in part at least, to the competition between American publishers.

We hear that Messrs. J. B. Lippincott and Co. have secured the American rights of Dr. Conan Doyle's new story now running serially in the *Strand Magazine*, entitled "The Tragedy of the Korosko."

Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who so long and ably edited the *Atlantic Monthly*, is taking a prolonged and well-deserved holiday.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is making another attempt at success on the stage.

The biography of Dr. Phillips Brooks, by Professor A. V. G. Allen, will be published in two volumes by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co. in New York. It is to contain numerous letters by Phillips Brooks, and many photographs, and will include also a study of his sermons. Bishop Brooks' chief correspondence was with Miss Weir Mitchell, sister of Dr. Weir Mitchell, the eminent physician and novelist. It is not certain how far this correspondence will be utilised.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

MAY 24 TO JUNE 19, 1897.

With naught else but the Diamond Jubilee upon the lips of everyone, it can easily be believed that little attention has been given to the tempting wares of the bookseller's shop. In addition to this, the near approach of Midsummer Day is always associated with a quiet time in the trade, as it is hardly the season of the year for one to sit at the fireside and read. As a set-off, the disposal of a considerable quantity of "Jubilee literature" has made matters a little better than they otherwise would have been. So much for business at home. The foreign and colonial trade has been good and well sustained, there being a steady demand for general literature, and "Jubilee" publications have also been exported in considerable quantities.

Under the conditions above named, it will be readily understood that the 6s. novel has not been selling very freely. "Phroso" appears to be the most popular one for the moment.

Among "Jubilee" publications "The Queen's Resolve," "These Sixty Years," and "The Personal Life of Queen Victoria" have been selling well, especially the last work mentioned. A volume of sermons for the commemoration has also been inquired for on a large scale. The publication of "The Life of Queen Victoria" by the librarian of Windsor Castle has been delayed, owing to the many engagements of the Queen having prevented the completion of the revision. The public will be quite satisfied with the explanation, the truth of which is so very patent.

The fifth volume of Mr. McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" appears at an opportune moment, and has met with the usual favourable reception.

Books on Cromwell, such as "Cromwell," by Horton, and "Cromwell's Place in History," by Gardiner, are attracting considerable attention, and point to the growing interest that surrounds any work dealing with the Lord Protector of Great Britain and Ireland (especially Ireland).

The literature of outdoor sports and pastimes is now in its season. The issue of a work on cricket by K. S. Ranjitsinhji is looked for with much interest.

Tons of London guides have been sold during the month. There never has been, and probably never will again be, such a demand for them. English and foreign guide books are also selling freely, as is usual at this time of the year.

Scott and Dickens are slightly increasing in favour. A new edition of each is about to appear.

The sale of the June issue of the principal illustrated magazines has been very large, owing to the lives of the Queen that have appeared in them. The *Woman at Home* was a noticeable instance.

The official programme of the procession appears at the moment of writing. Its sale will probably be enormous, as it is issued for the benefit of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund.

There has been a slight, and only a slight, abatement in the number of new books and new editions issued during the month. The publication of more than one hundred in a week during June must be unprecedented. Doubtless many of the works have been pushed forward for publication before the Jubilee celebrations, as a reaction is sure to follow such an event as that which it is proposed to carry out in such a magnificent style. The appended list of new books embraces as usual the more popular works of the moment :—

Dear Faustina. By R. Broughton. 6s.
Rose of Dutcher's Cooly. By H. Garland. 6s.
A Rose of Yesterday. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
My Run Home. By R. Boldrewood. 6s.
Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.
Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle. 6s.
The Jessamy Bride. By F. F. Moore. 6s.
The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
A Fountain Sealed. By W. Besant. 6s.
The Philanderers. By A. E. Mason. 6s.
The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. Mason. 6s.
The History of Our Own Times. By J. McCarthy. Vol. 5. 12s.
Cromwell. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.
Cromwell's Place in History. By S. R. Gardiner. 3s. 6d.
St. Augustine's Mission to England. By A. J. Mason. 5s.
How to Listen to Music. By H. E. Krehbiel. 6s.
A Great Agricultural Estate. By the Duke of Bedford. 6s.
How Money Makes Money. By Duncan. 2s. 6d. net.
Fads of an Old Physician By G. S. Keith. 2s. 6d.
Many Cargoes. By W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
Symphonies. By G. Egerton. 4s. 6d. net.
The Indiscretion of the Duchess. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
The Queen's Resolve. By C. Bullock. 1s. 6d.
These Sixty Years. By E. Holmes. 2s. 6d.
Sermons for the Commemoration of Queen Victoria, 1837-1897. 2s. 6d.
Personal Life of Queen Victoria. By S. A. Tooley. 3s. 6d.
The White Slaves of England. By R. H. Sherard. 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
May 29, 1897.—A fair amount of business doing. The export trade generally much improved.
June 5, „ —Much quieter or home trade. A busy week in colonial and foreign departments.
„ 12, „ —Trade a little brisker than last week. The foreign and colonial branches still well employed.
„ 19, „ —Business about as last week. Little change noticeable. The export orders still continue to arrive in fair number and volume.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

AT the time of writing we are all greatly concerned about François Coppée. Those of us who love him take some consolation in the reflection that three or four years ago when he was down with the same malady—the aftermath of influenza—his fine constitution pulled him through at a time when everybody had abandoned hope. May it be so this time also.

I should say that François Coppée is the best-loved man in France, and I think that even the *decadents*, who profess to laugh at his work, admire and respect him. He has the rare quality of lovability. It was touching to see with what energy and enthusiasm the *camelots*, or street-hawkers, of Paris, "pushed" the sale of his little play, "Le Pater," when this, the Censure having at the last moment forbidden its production at the Comédie Française, was published—by way of protest—in a popular form. Their shouts deafened the boulevards. A reporter, fancying that special terms had been allowed them, so that by a large sale of the play the protest against the arbitrary act of the censors might seem more general, asked several of them, in different parts of Paris, what the special inducement might be. "Mais, c'est pour le père Coppée!" was the general answer of these fellows, who in cynicism could give points to Norwegian pessimists. They meant it too. They had an opportunity of rendering a service to Father Coppée, and did their best to make it as complete as possible.

As a poet, le père Coppée is with the people certainly the most read and the most liked. I fancy that he is the only living French poet whose works have been published in cheap weekly *livraisons*, a kind of publishing usually reserved to the popular romans-feuilletons of such men as Montépin, Ennery, and Richebourg. That there should be a sufficient demand for Coppée's poems to encourage a publisher to issue them in this popular form is a significant fact. I may mention that the wrapper in which these weekly *livraisons* were issued was adorned with a full-length portrait of Monsieur Coppée, with top-hat, gloves, and walking-stick. I mention this because it shows for what classes the poems were issued. Superior persons would smile at a poet in a top-hat and with a walking-stick; the people would see nothing laughable in the portrait.

I first met François Coppée at a little place called Anvers-sur-Oise, famous as the birthplace of another François, poet—Villon to wit—with whom François Coppée has much in common; and from the very outset I was impressed by his gentleness, his kindness, his sympathy. He is what the French call "un tendre," and though the French, who hide their good qualities with as much care as the English display theirs, profess to laugh at "les tendres," they appreciate them none the less. I shall always remember that first meeting with Coppée, because it was on that occasion that I first heard of a young poet *qui a fait du chemin depuis*. "I have just read a wonderful book," said Coppée, "sent me from Ghent. The author is a genius. His name is Maeterlinck." I was glad of this information, and made haste to send it off to the London paper for which I was then acting as Paris correspondent. But the honour of being the first to proclaim Maeterlinck to the English-speaking world was not to be mine. A careful sub-editor cancelled my paragraph. The editor rebuked me for endeavouring to use "our columns" for "puffing my friends."

I referred in my last letter to the system adopted by the Edition du Mercure de France, by which authors stamp every copy of books published by this house with their initials in "justification du tirage." I see now that some authors prefer to use, for this purpose, instead of a monogram, a device, presumably more or less representative of their literary aims, ideals, and purpose. Thus two books, recently issued by the Mercure de France are before me. One is a novel entitled "La Nichina," by Hugues Rebell, the other is a volume of poems by Marcel Réja. Both these books have been stamped by their authors *en justification du tirage*. Hugues Rebell stamps his copy in red with the figure of a woman lying on the back of a mythical animal, lioness as to the front and dragon as to the rear, which she is feeding from a platter. Marcel Réja stamps in blue, and his device is a skull, over which a toad is squatting. The toad's legs encircle the skull, and the feet enter those "holes which eyes did once inhabit." Passing under the toad's arms, behind his back, is a long sword.

I suppose these devices may be styled the trade-marks of these gentlemen. Why should we English authors not each adopt a device or trademark which would indicate our purpose? It would enlighten our critics. Thus if a poet stamped his book of poems with a weeping willow, the critic would have no excuse for complaining of the want of gaiety in the volume before him. A cap and bells would suggest and promise jocularity; a muck-rake, perhaps, a tendency towards ultra-materialism. Since I have seen these two books, I have amused myself by assigning, in fancy, to each of our more prominent men of letters a suitable *marque de fabrique*. There are a locomotive, a tea table, a Pompadour fan, a microscope, a prison window, a note of interrogation, and many other symbols. One would like to see this plan adopted. The idea appears capable of development

Marcel Réja's book is entitled "La Vie Héroïque." It is a substantial volume of over 210 pages, by the author of "Ballets et Variations" (prose), "Le Ballet du Zodiaque," (poems), and "L'Art et le Ballet" (*esthétique*). It is not possible for me, at present, to do more with this book, which has been sent me "for favour of a review," than to indicate its general purport. So big a volume of poetry requires careful study, and if opinion I give, it shall at least be a sincere one. The book is divided into parts, of which the titles are: "Les Fauves," "Les Nobles," "Crépuscule d'Ame," "L'Enquête Primordiale," "Essor," and "Joie." These titles show that Marcel Réja has high ideals. Of the poems themselves I can say nothing for the nonce, except that one, "Le Rouet," has much impressed me. It is beautiful in construction and lofty in conception.

I fear I cannot speak at length about Hugues Rebell's new novel "La Nichina." Rebell is considered in France a writer of great promise. There were passages in his "Chants de la Pluie et du Soleil" which won the general admiration of his confrères. Even Goncourt, chary of praise, spoke of this book with enthusiasm, and Daudet said of Rebell "C'est quelqu'un." But this is an English review, read by English people, and these, I know, will not sympathise with Hugues Rebell in his latest effort. The subject being distasteful to English readers, the excellence

of the treatment will not count. When some time ago I spoke in praise of a famous novel by Pierre Louys, because the French was incomparable, I was blamed by readers, though the book was on sale at our most virtuous booksellers'. "La Nichina" will be much appreciated in France.

I can fully understand the indignation of Henri de Régnier's comments on the conduct of certain gentlemen at the bazaar, comments which led to a duel, for though he is the most peaceful and least *spadassin* of men, the danger to which his wife and her mother, Madame de Hérédia, were exposed by this conduct was enough to provoke him. The poets, by the way, seem to have been bellicose of late, and after the Régnier-Montesquiou duel, there was an encounter between Camille de Sainte-Croix and an old gentleman of seventy-five, a general in the French army. Camille de Sainte-Croix is a young littérateur, who, but for his professed Revolutionary tendencies, would hold a very prominent place in France. He has published poetry, novels (one in collaboration with Paul Adam), and has done much excellent journalistic work. He was one of the three partners who as "Georges Doncroix" (this pseudonym was composed of fragments of their three names) contributed such popular serials to the *Petit Parisien*. A triple collaboration is an unusual thing, but was in this instance most successful. Camille de Sainte-Croix realised about 40,000 francs out of the venture (the feuilletons were paid at the rate of tenpence a line), and started a daily paper called *La Révolution* on this capital. Though he wrote almost the whole paper himself, and nearly killed himself at the task, it took only forty days to swallow up his hard-earned *mise en fonds*. I have always thought this a pathetic literary incident.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

THE author of "The Eleventh Commandment," a novel of last year which attracted a good deal of favourable attention, has a distinct purpose before him. In that story he painted the life of the neighbourhood he knows best, Bingley, in Yorkshire; and it is to the interpretation of Yorkshire character and scenery, and especially of the character and scenery of the Haworth district, that he means to devote his undoubted talents for fiction. He was born in Haworth parish, like his father before him, and the greater part of his life has been spent a few miles from Haworth itself.

It is Haworth, he says, and the bleak Haworth country, that has given him his stimulus to work; and his ambition is to give himself more and more to the few square miles of country that stretch, with Haworth as a centre, from Hebden Bridge to Bingley on the one side, from Oxenhope to Ponden and Wyecollar on the other. He wishes to be the faithful painter of the moor-character—the sturdiest, the most natural, the fullest of rough, native charm that a novelist could have to portray. The district is full to the brim of legend, character, human loves and hates at their strongest, superstition in its sincerest form; its religion is without shams, its goodness and badness alike patent.

From 1889 to 1893 Mr. Sutcliffe was at King's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree as a senior Op. in the Mathematical Tripos. On leaving Cambridge he took to literary work for a time in London; but afterwards returned to the North, where he now spends the greater part of the year. His "Tragedy in Grey," published in the spring of 1895, had no financial success at all, though the notices were in many cases excellent. "The Eleventh Commandment," published in the spring of 1896, met with a much more favourable reception, both financially and from reviews. A good deal of short-story work from his pen has appeared in *Vanity Fair*, *Cassell's Magazine*, and *The Realm*, and he has also contributed to *The Speaker*, *Chapman's Magazine*, and other periodicals.

He speaks gratefully of the kindness of the editor of *Vanity Fair*, the first to encourage his literary ambitions; and the editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, likewise, has earned his gratitude for the encouragement he gave at the outset.

Sachs,] MR. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. *[Bradford.*

Indeed, he declares that his experience of publishers and editors alike is that they are exceedingly generous and hospitably-disposed towards new comers; and that if the bad outweigh the good in a tale, when one first sends up unsolicited manuscripts, they show an invariable tendency to forgive the bad and praise the good. There is no profession, he thinks, in which those at the top of the ladder help youngsters so much. The profession is a true democracy, and the old hands usually show themselves more than willing to give God-speed to the beginners. Mr. Sutcliffe has even a good word for the critics—hard hitters, perhaps, but generally just, and often helpful.

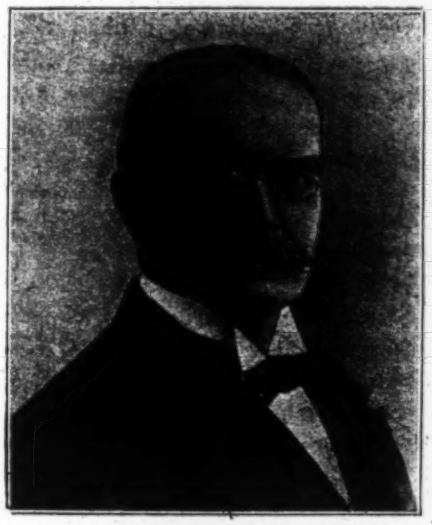
Mr. Sutcliffe's new story, "A Man of the Moors," in which he goes back to an earlier generation, is to be published in the early autumn by Messrs. Kegan Paul. A shorter book, a light comedy story, "An Episode in Arcady," will also be issued in the autumn by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson.

In giving due credit to his education for his literary training, Mr. Sutcliffe is not inclined to neglect the claims of mathematics, which he has found helpful in the stringing

together of a novel, and which has helped him to steadiness of scheme and treatment. But his success in depicting character is, of course, far more the result of early impressions among all sorts and conditions of people, from poachers upwards, than of later study.

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN.

MR. ALLEN has a great vogue in the States, and Messrs. Macmillan, by publishing his latest book, "The Choir Invisible" (reviewed in our Novel Notes this month), in this country, directly invite the consideration by English readers of his work. Its imaginative and poetic qualities, the love of natural beauty it displays, and the strong moral strain, will, in all likelihood, be appreciatively recognised on this side of the Atlantic; and those who are



MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN.

interested in "The Choir Invisible" will like to know that it is by no means his first book. "Flute and Violin," "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky," "A Kentucky Cardinal," "Aftermath," "Summer in Arcady," preceded it, all of them containing much pleasant writing. Born in Kentucky some forty years ago, he has devoted his talents to painting the nature and human nature of his native state.

THE READER.

LIVING POETS.

V.—MR. W. E. HENLEY.

MR. HENLEY first became a star in the present writer's poetical firmament in 1887. In that year a number of his *ballades*, *rondeaux*, *rondels*, *triolets* and *villanelles* were included by Mr. Gleeson White in a collection of modern attempts at naturalising these old French forms of verse. Mr. Henley's contributions had previously appeared, unsigned, in *The London*, of which he was editor from 1876 to 1878. Artificial and experimental, they bore the hall-mark of genius, especially the exquisite "Ballade made in the Hot Weather," with its magnificent conjuring up of all cool and liquid images. It was no common hand that could write, even in jest, like this:

"Vale-lily and periwinkle;
Wet stone-crop on the sill;
The look of leaves a-twinkle
With windlets clear and still;
The feel of a forest rill
That wimples fresh and fleet
About one's naked feet;
The muzzles of drinking herds;
Lush flags and bulrushes;
The chirp of rain-bound birds—
To live, I think of these!"

A somewhat curious feat, this poem, constructed almost entirely in terms, direct or indirect, of what the psychologists call tactual imagery. Mr. Henley's renown was assured in the following year by his "Book of Verses," and confirmed in 1892 by his "Song of the Sword," a volume afterwards more happily renamed as "London Voluntaries." Before and since then, his activities as critic, journalist, editor, and playwright have been multifarious; but it is as a poet, beyond and above all things, that his admirers love best to think of him.

Now, although the old proverb will not have it so, men actually become poets in divers ways. There are those in whom poetry has its origin in the wish to write poetry. They sing, but their song is derivative; it lives by admiration, hope, and love. For such, the Muses are rightly fabled to be the daughters of Memory, and from such it would be fantastic to deny that much good poetry comes, poetry estimable and enjoyable, even though it may lack those ultimate qualities which victoriously endure your challenge. Others, again, are poets by a freehold tenure, not of scholarship, but of temperament. In them poetry is a thing native, and, if one may venture an abused epithet, inevitable, the necessary language of nerves near the surface and of sensibilities touched to fine issues: and to this second group of natural singers it is that Mr. Henley, though he affects deliberate and self-conscious forms of expression, essentially belongs. From the various elements, then, of a personality rich, full, and rarely responsive to stimulus, the various characteristics of his work derive. If you analyse one side of his sensitivity, he is the poet of desire. The blood runs riot in his veins. He has all the emotions that quiver on the verge of passion; is amorous, wanton, tender, scornful, lewd. Above all, he has the lust of life; is thirsty for the whole of it, for all that it has to give of love and art and books and talk and wine. "Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance": for him, he will see the revel out; he is drunk with the lights and the music and the mirth, and the glancing eyes of the women. And so he is the poet of London; for in London men live and have lived: here is life in its heyday and its triumph, life multicolorous and infinitely variable, life full of the common things, all of them shot through with mystery and desirable. How many beating hearts, and how many brave ambitions this million of houses has known, and the ancient river running to eternity through their midst,

"our River and all his dreams,
His dreams that never save in our deaths can die."

It follows that Mr. Henley's verse is primarily lyric. He is an elect and adorable lover, with the twin burdens of old-world romance and of modern intimacy in his song. You

may catch him often enough in the troubadour vein, to which love becomes a prayer and an agony of unrest.

"Why, my heart, do we love her so?
(Geraldine, Geraldine!)—
Why does the great sea ebb and flow?
Why does the round world spin?
Geraldine, Geraldine,
Bid me my life renew,
What is it worth unless I win,
Love—love and you?

Why, my heart, when we speak her name
(Geraldine, Geraldine!)
Throbs the word like a flinging flame?—
Why does the Spring begin?
Geraldine, Geraldine,
Bid me indeed to be,
Open your heart and take us in,
Love—love and me."

Often, too, there is the wistful note, the haunting sense of the "Eheu fugaces," of the impermanence and transiency of all mortal things:

"On the way to Kew,
By the river old and gray,
Where in the Long Ago
We laughed and loitered so,
I met a ghost to-day,
A ghost that told of you,
A ghost of low replies
And sweet inscrutable eyes,
Coming up from Richmond,
As you used to do.

By the river old and gray,
The enchanted Long Ago
Murmured and smiled anew.
On the way to Kew,
March had the laugh of May,
The bare boughs looked aglow,
And old immortal words
Sang in my breast like birds,
Coming up from Richmond,
As I used with you."

Oftener still, perhaps, all the undertones vanish, and love is just love, the eternal flute-song, the lyric exultation of blood and brain, in harmony with and fulfilling the eternal meaning of heaven and earth:

"The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plys but a box-wood flute,
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we in the mad spring weather,
We two have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together."

And so the passion of love is made one with the all-embracing passion of life itself; the "diversion played on a penny whistle" is merged in the lusty choir of jubilant nature, with its "magnetic and mastering song." Mr. Henley the amorist becomes Mr. Henley the nympholept. He surrenders himself—why should one want to quote Mr. Meredith so much, in writing of Mr. Henley?—to the intoxication of "the bared bosom of June."

"It's all very well to sit and spell
At the lesson there's no gainsaying;
But what the deuce are wont and use
When the whole mad world's a-maying?
When the meadow glows, and the orchard snows,
And the air's with love-motes teeming,
When the fancies bréak, and the senses wake,
O life's a dream worth dreaming!

What nature has writ with her lusty wit
Is worded so wisely and kindly,
That whoever has dipped in her manuscript
Must up and follow her blindly.
Now the summer prime is her blithest rhyme,
In the being and the seeming,
And they that have heard the overword
Know life's a dream worth dreaming."

Thus ardent for life, our poet will be content also to have lived. He will not whine, like the jaded sensualist, who has never lived, when the years of "an empty flagon, a folded page" come. He sees life whole, and has no illusions, or rather, his illusions have been of the blood only, and never of the brain. He has enjoyed the noon-day, and is ready for

"The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."

He has the scholar's philosophy, which is stoicism. "Things are as they are, and the consequences will be as they will be; why then should we be deceived?" Immortal maxim of Butler, destined to outlive all his "Analogy" and all his sermons! We are in the hands of the gods, or of fate, or of circumstance, whichever it may be—who can tell? Let us endure with patience whatever may be the decree. And what does it matter? We have lived, and as Agathon tells us, even Zeus himself cannot make what has been as though it had not been. And so with a sane and manly philosophy, Mr. Henley is ready to await the issue, as one who is "the master of his fate" and "the captain of his soul":

"What is to come we know not. But we know
That what has been was good—was good to show,
Better to hid and best of all to bear.
We are the masters of the days that were.
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered . . . . even so.

Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe—
Dear, though it spoil and break us!—need we care
What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow;
We have fulfilled ourselves and we can dare,
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rich quiet of the after glow,
What is to come."

I do not wish this paper, which set out as an attempt at criticism, to become indistinguishable from a rhapsody, and therefore I pause to venture a dissent from a certain corollary to Mr. Henley's gospel of lustihood. Does he not at times twang the *lyra heroica* a little too strenuously? He has his impatience with the "age of leather," with the doubters and the waverers, "Kate-a-Whimsies, John-a-Dreams," and so far one cannot but feel a sympathy:

"In the street of By-and-By,
Stands the hostelry of Never.
Dream from deed he must dissever,
Who his fortune here would try."

But beyond this one seems to discern, in such poems as "The Song of the Sword" and "England, my England," for all their noble rhythm, something of the rhetoric of a false Imperialism. They are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of politics, the incredible politics of the *National Observer*. In fact, what with Mr. Henley and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and I fear one must add, to some extent Mr. Stevenson, we have been on the verge lately of a literary glorification of Might as Might, an untimely cult of the strong man of his hands. It was interesting, therefore, to hear that when Mr. Kipling was challenged to fight the other day, the obvious course

which suggested itself to him was to have his adversary bound over to keep the peace; interesting, because it points the moral that this tattoo on the war-drum is after all only a literary convention, the reaction not of the primal instinct, but of the romantic imagination against the conditions of a peaceful civilisation. Nevertheless, the whole tendency is disconcerting, because the plain man might take these literary heroics in deadly earnest, and be tempted to forget that Tyrtæus and Taillefer are anachronisms, and that what sounds like romance in verse is, to put it nakedly, brutality in prose.

One gladly turns from polemics to consider another side of Mr. Henley's poetic individuality. He is abnormally sensitive to calls upon his vision, no less than upon his blood. He has the artist's tenacity of visual impressions, and the artist's instinct to translate them into terms of a chosen medium. Lying in bed, with exacerbated nerves, in his Edinburgh hospital, he made it his habit to jot down, with an uncompromising pencil, vigorous and mordant studies of his surroundings—the doctors, nurses, and students, the drab monotony of the wards, the effects of an anæsthetic, the sights and sounds of an operation. The result was a series of verbal etchings, poignant in the fidelity of their naked realism, which some men called brutal and some called morbid, but which was at least redeemed from all reproach of inhumanity by a subtle and penetrative breadth of sympathy. Mr. Henley's similar work done in later life, while losing nothing of its strength, has, of course, gained in amplitude of colour and luminosity of atmosphere from happier conditions. This is the manner of the "Hospital Rhythms":

"High shoulders, low shoulders, broad shoulders, narrow ones,
Round, square, and angular, serry and shove;
While from within a voice,
Gravely and weightily fluent,
Sounds; and then ceases; and suddenly
(Look at the stress of the shoulders!)
Out of a quiver of silence,
Over the hiss of the spray,
Comes a low cry, and the sound
Of breath quick intaken through teeth
Clenched in resolve. And the Master
Breaks from the crowd, and goes,
Wiping his hands,
To the next bed, with his pupils
Flocking and whispering behind him.

Now one can see
Case Number One
Sits (rather pale) with his bed-clothes
Stripped up, and showing his foot
(Alas for God's image!)
Swaddled in wet, white lint
Brilliantly hideous with red."

And this is the manner of the "London Voluntaries," mellowed, no less finely observed, but with more of concession to the claims and ideals of the natural magic in things:

"For earth and sky and air
Are golden everywhere,
And golden with a gold so suave and fine,
The looking on it lifts the heart like wine.
Trafalgar Square
(The fountains volleying golden glaze)
Gleams like an angel-market. High aloft
Over his couchant Lions in a haze
Shimmering and bland and soft,
A dust of chrysoprase,
Our Sailor takes the golden gaze
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb
As once he flamed it on his ocean round.
The dizzy dreariness of the picture-place,
Turned very nearly bright,
Takes on a luminous transiency of grace,
And shows no more a scandal to the ground."

In the earlier of these examples, and in much more, such as the immortal portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, which might be quoted, the artist's aim is rather after the characteristic than the formally or conventionally beautiful. He would carry out in the region of verse some principles derived from the impressionism of the studios, the disregard of traditional recipes, the insistence before all things on the personal vision. In all impressionism technique is of the first importance, and so Mr. Henley's attitude to technique may profitably occupy a few closing lines. Here again it is needful to distinguish between an earlier and a later manner. In "A Book of Verses," Mr. Henley was content for the most part to move within the limits allowed by the sonnet form, and by the almost inexhaustible variety of recognised lyric measures. At times he seemed even to rejoice in artificiality and restraint. He was victorious over some of the most complicated verse systems that Provençal ingenuity ever devised. But even at this period he made his experiments in a more liberal rhythm. And the "London Voluntaries" are marked by a growing distaste for metrical fetters. The larger part of this volume is written in irregular iambic verse of the type familiar to us in Mr. Patmore's "Odes." But Mr. Henley has a more rapid movement than Mr. Patmore; he is more licentious, I think, in the resolution of syllables, and he frequently crowns his audacities by discarding rhyme. The psychology of the thing seems clear enough. The poet will write with his eye upon the object; he will eliminate all obstacles from between himself and his image; he claims a direct vision, not one obscured by a haze of reminiscence, and will not submit his personal interpretation to the bondage of other men's conventions. The method is triumphantly justified, so far as Mr. Henley's use of it goes, in its most extreme example, the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," an unrhymed fantasia, sustained throughout at a remarkable level of self-imposed melody and tireless imagination. In such flights of song the rare spirit, schooled in the intuitions of rhythm, is a law to itself; but one dreads lest lesser men, snared in the heresy that liberty is the negation of law, may emulate the wilfulness and miss the nicety upon the point of honour of Mr. Henley and Mr. Patmore.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

THE DUTY ON BOOKS IN CANADA.

THE last two months have witnessed something of a revolution in the book trade of Canada. At the beginning of May, when the new "Preferential" tariff was first made public, booksellers, both in Canada and in the United States, received a shock. A clause in that tariff stated in broad terms that the duty on books would be changed from six cents per pound weight to twenty per cent., *ad valorem*, less an eighth "preference" on English publications, and, further, that no American editions of British copyright books would be allowed to enter the country.

The immense importance of such a change is at once apparent. For years past the Canadian bookseller has

been compelled to deal very largely with the United States. The iniquitous American pirated editions, which have utterly demoralised the reading public of the States, have also had a wide sale in Canada, and even the most respectable booksellers are forced to keep a stock of them. It stands to reason that it is of very little use to offer for sale the English six-shilling edition of Marie Corelli's works, for instance, when the market is flooded with the American ten-cent reprints. And, curiously enough, the English publisher is not free from blame in this matter. It has been very generally the custom to "throw in" Canada when arranging for the simultaneous publication of an American copyright edition of some popular English book, so that even then the Canadian bookseller is bound to send his order to New York, as the English publisher, according to his agreements, cannot supply him direct.

Now, it cannot be too much emphasized that the Canadian bookseller *wishes* to trade with this country. The anti-United States feeling is, at the present time, very bitter, and, moreover, he finds that his customers prefer English editions, which are generally printed and bound much better than even the authorised American editions.

The new tariff, then, was to sound the death knell of the American "pirate" as far as Canada was concerned. It was even more sweeping. So "preferential" was it to English publishers that no American books, of which English copyright editions had been issued, were to be allowed into the country. This would have excluded books by all the most popular American authors, and the Canadian bookseller would have had, for instance, to order from London "Rudder Grange," or "The Red Badge of Courage," or Miss Wilkins' stories.

The subsequent history of these clauses is curious in the extreme. They came into force immediately the tariff was read in the Canadian Parliament, and the next morning large numbers of prohibited books were seized at the Customs. The outcry was universal. The American publisher was, of course, furious. Here was an excellent market for his goods suddenly closed. The Canadian bookseller was on the horns of a dilemma. He certainly agreed in theory with a prohibitive tariff, and he preferred to deal with England; but how was he to fulfil existing contracts with New York firms? And, unfortunately, the general public of Canada took up the question with wonderful vigour, and filled columns in the papers with letters protesting against the new clauses. The ordinary novel reader was not affected to any large extent, for, instead of the American reprint, he could buy the English colonial editions, which were a little more expensive, but gave better value for the money. But the clergymen, ministers, and scientific men prepared a monster petition. The prohibition of American pirated editions would, of course, raise the price of several popular theological, scientific, or educational works, which they would now have to purchase direct from England; but they were quite willing to admit that an unauthorised American edition of a learned work contained so many inaccuracies and misprints and was so miserably produced, that the extra sum they would have to expend on the English edition would by no means be wasted. They pitched, however, on the new duty of twenty per cent. *ad valorem* and protested most vehemently against this increase. The wrecking of these clauses, which would have been of such wonderful value to the English publisher, is largely due to these gentlemen, who, after all, had little cause for complaint. They probably were not aware that the English publisher generally sells books for the Canadian market at half published price—some even at half price, less ten per cent.—and that the *ad valorem* duty was to be calculated on the net invoice price. According to the largest firm of publishers in Canada, the six cents per pound duty worked out at about eighteen per cent. *ad valorem*. The new duty was to be twenty per cent., less an eighth "preference" on English publications, *i.e.*, seventeen and a half per cent. The change would thus have been exceedingly slight; if anything, in favour of the new arrangement.

Finally, the Custom House officers gave the clauses the *coup de grâce*. Their idea of an "English copyright book" was truly wonderful. Just after the clause came into force I watched one officer examining a large consignment of books from New York. He held in his hand a small black note-book, which he frequently consulted in his search for prohibited publications. This was his list of English copyright books! He came across an American edition of "Micah Clark," but found no entry of such a work in his note-book. "This," said he, "is not on my list of English copyright books. It can therefore come into this country from the States." When it was suggested to his chief that if the Canadian Government wanted a complete list of British copyright books they would have to build a special building at Ottawa to contain it, that gentleman came to the conclusion that the new clauses were utterly unworkable.

The Government was quite overwhelmed by these numberless protests and completely lost its head. A notice was issued, stating that for ten days books would be admitted into Canada on the old tariff. The booksellers telegraphed to New York for a tremendous supply of the pirated editions, which they would be able to get through the Customs before the expiration of the ten days' grace. When the new tariff came to be discussed in the Parliament, the prohibitive clauses were withdrawn altogether and a new duty substituted.

The duty on books coming into Canada is now a double one. All novels, whether in cloth or paper covers, and paper-covered books of whatever kind, are subject to twenty per cent.; nearly all other books are subject to ten per cent. Books for libraries and mechanic institutes are placed on the free list, and Sunday-school books are subject to ten per cent. duty, and are not to be treated as novels. It is generally understood that the "one-eighth preference" on English books holds good, so the duty on publications coming from this country will be seventeen and a half per cent. and eight and three-quarters per cent. respectively. It is difficult to understand how this new premium on serious reading is going to work. The great question will be, "What is a novel?" and it is not stated who is to decide this delicate point. One thing is quite clear, and that is, that the English publisher is now no better off than he was under the old tariff. The American pirated edition will be sold as much as ever, and will be subject to practically the same

duty as the English Colonial editions. The "preferential" tariff is most certainly not preferential as far as books are concerned.

This arrangement is in all probability only a temporary one. The Canadian premier, who is now in this country, will very likely come to some definite understanding with the British Government on the general question of Canadian copyright, and then the whole book tariff will be revised. The solution of the difficulty seems comparatively simple. The proposed clauses were unquestionably too drastic, and it was absurd to expect the Custom officers to hunt through every consignment in search of American editions of British copyright books. What the Canadian bookseller wants, and what will most likely come, is this—all *unauthorised* reprints of English books will be prohibited, while American copyright editions will be allowed to enter the country. Any American publisher sending books into Canada will be compelled to sign an affidavit stating that these are copyrighted in the United States, or that he is selling them to Canada in pursuance of an agreement with the English publisher. The general duty on all books will then be ten per cent., less an eighth preference on English publications.

It is above all things to be hoped that the Canadian Government will soon make up its mind on this question. A great many experiments have been tried, but the constant tampering with the tariff is playing havoc with the book trade in Canada.

J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

A FEW ODD ENDS.

IT appears that, just as many find it difficult to commence the writing of a novel, so there are some who, having commenced and having got well into the swing of the work, are unable to bring themselves to a full stop. Thus it happens that the novel is never finished; is never submitted to publishers, and, as a necessary consequence, has no opportunity of coming within sight of the public eye. The following specimens of last pages will, it is hoped, be of service to those who find themselves in this distressing predicament:—

* * * *

No. I.

The long-estranged pair, meeting in Kensington Gardens, bowed to each other distantly. It was the first time they had encountered each other since their separation, and the old, old days at Bedford Park seemed to each of them to belong to another life.

"You are well, I trust, Margaret?" he said, with chilling politeness.

"I'm amongst the middlings," she said, lightly. "What have you been doing to your chin?"

"'Tis nothing," he said. "My hand slipped this morning whilst I was shaving."

"You weren't thinking of what you were doing."

"No," he said, sadly; "I was thinking, Margaret, of you."

There was a pause.

"How green everything's looking!" she remarked, casually.

"Margaret," he cried, in a hoarse voice, "why do you torture me? Why do we meet thus as strangers? You and I were so much to each other once. I shall never know happiness again until you forgive and——"

"Mind that mail-cart!" she said, warningly. A thoughtless nurse was looking over her shoulder, exchanging badinage with four long scarlet soldiers. "Perkins, why don't you look where you are going with baby?"

Perkins, at the sound of her mistress's voice, turned apologetically. The small infant in the perambulator sat up and cried "Mamma! papa!" several times with great emphasis. As this appeared to have no softening effect, the baby hit each of them smartly with his rattle.

"I say," said the baby, reprovingly, "isn't it about time you two silly jokers left off making fools of yourselves?"

"Oh, naughty baby," said the nurse, "to use such a wicked word to your parents, who are so good and kind and——"

The two, touched by the baby's appeal, signalled to Perkins to cease. Bending with one accord over the large beefeater hat which the child wore, their faces were near to each other. Instantly the light of reason sprang to their eyes.

"Margaret!" he whispered.

"Ralph!" she answered.

"Tell me—tell me, in the presence of our child, from whom we have so much to learn, that you can——"

"That I can," she said very softly, "forgive and forget."

The infant clapped his tiny little hands with joy; a tear trembled on Perkins' cheek; the birds in the trees twittered their congratulations. And thus the Fates gave to the young couple the key of the gateway that leads to the Garden of Happiness.

FINIS.

* * * *

No. II.

They carried him, sorely wounded, on an ambulance to the temporary hospital erected outside the lines. But he would not permit the doctor to examine him until he had first penned and despatched his report of the battle to his editor. Then the operation was performed, and he bore it all without flinching.

"Man," said the old Scotch surgeon, admiringly, "ye're a braw laddie. Are ye no frae Edinboro'? Aye, I thocht so. Pairsonally I come frae several pairts of Scutland, and I combine the dialects of them a'. And what ye require now is guid nairsing. A young leddy here has kindly volunteered, if ye've no objection——"

He shook his head feebly, for he was now very weak, and, turning on his pillow, he slept. Muriel (for the nurse was, as my readers will have guessed, none other than she) pressed her cool white hand on his forehead, and he murmured contentedly.

"Ye'll take special care o' your patient, lassie," said the old Scotch surgeon, pinching her cheek with the familiarity of his race. "He's wairth it."

"I know," she answered in a whisper. "Would that I had perceived it before."

"Ye're no acquented?" With amazement.

"We were once," she said slowly, "excellent friends."

"Maircy on us!" said the old surgeon, as he bustled off. "'Tis a michty small wairld."

During the night he awoke, murmured her name, and closed his eyes once more. As the dawn came through the windows, he aroused himself, and looked long and fixedly at her. Presently he spoke.

"Your husband?" he said, curtly.

"Which one?" she inquired.

"Don't trifle," he said. "I mean—I mean Benjamin Hatherway."

"He is no more," she said, submissively. She gave a little cough, and looked down at her slippers. "Neither is Sir Thomas Webb, whom I married subsequently. Perhaps you didn't know that I——"

"Tell me"—he gasped nervously as he spoke, and seemed apprehensive of the reply—"how many husbands have you had in all? The total, I mean."

"Only two," she said, pleadingly. "And Sir Thomas was a very short man." He did not speak, and she continued, nervously, "They say three is the number for luck."

"Lady Webb!"

"Call me by the old name."

"Tots, may I be number three?"

Dear reader, you can guess her answer. Let us not intrude further on the confidences of the happy pair brought together so strangely after being, as those of you who have read this book will have noticed, BUFFETED BY FORTUNE.

No. III.

"Ah, my pretty doves!" he said sneeringly, as he stood on the *City of Paris*, which was being tugged carefully out of Southampton Harbour. "I will be even with you yet."

Captain Crawleigh shook his fist at the distant shore and swore beneath his breath. There was ill-concealed satisfaction, too, in his manner, for (such is man's ingenuity) he had already carefully thought out a scheme by which on his arrival in New York the happiness of the young couple could be impaired. The letters which May when a mere girl had written to him; the photograph; a forged telegram—the rest would be easy.

"My girl," he muttered sardonically, "I think I shall score after all."

He felt a smart rap on the shoulder.

"Ullo, Keptin," said our old friend Chuffey Small, familiarly. "'Aving a little trip on the briny?"

"Curse you!" said Crawleigh between his teeth, "Why do you always follow me? I thought you were dead."

"Me," echoed Chuffey. "Dead? Lor' bless you, no. That ain't a 'abit I'm addicted to. It wouldn't pay me to go and die."

"'Twould be the wisest thing you ever did."

"It's a question," said Chuffey, "that we look at from different points of view, Keptin." He lowered his voice. "Did anything ever come out about them forged bank notes that you and me—— "

"Keep that infernal mouth of yours shut, you fool," cried Captain Crawleigh, with much fierceness. "Do you want everybody on board to know our secrets?"

"Depends!" said Chuffey. "I want to do what pays me best."

"You won't get another penny out of me, you villain."

"Vurry well, Keptin. We'll try another way." The bell rang for dinner, and the deck cleared as if by magic. It was becoming dusk, and our two quondam friends were alone in the dim light. "After dinner this evening I shall tike the opportunity to offer a few remarks in public concerning you and your past, and I shall tike care that Mrs. Vanderboodle, the rich American widow—— "

"You devil!" screams Captain Crawleigh furiously. "Take that!"

Chuffey Small dodges the blow adroitly, and Crawleigh, staggering, is at his mercy. With an impetuous movement Chuffey throws himself upon Crawleigh, and a terrific struggle ensues. Slowly they approach (in their excitement) the side of the good ship *City of Paris*. A twist of Chuffey's leg, a sudden lurch of the vessel, and Captain Crawleigh goes overboard, never to rise again.

And then Mr. Chuffey Small strolls below and makes a very excellent dinner.

(CONCLUDED.)

* * * *

No. IV.

And the happy marriage bells rang out a merry peal, signalling to all and sundry the wedding of Gerald and Lady Beatrice, together, after all their troubles, in unending happiness till death should part them.

There are little children now at the Hall, numbering altogether fifteen, and Lady Beatrice, their proud mother, is no longer the slight lissom creature whom we encountered for the first time in the hunting field. Her figure has become more rounded, her face has more repose, but she has still her happy girlish laugh, and her love of practical jokes has not been diminished by time. A hair-brush in a visitor's bed, the sudden withdrawing of a chair, the filling of silk hats with lard; these and other pleasantries of our now happy heroine make the Hall ring with jovial mirth.

Lord Rooke went abroad and married an elderly actress, and thinks no doubt sometimes of his mis-spent life. Trotter, the faithful trainer, is also married and happy. The Dean of Wilborough unfortunately lost his amiable wife a few years since, but he instantly married again, and this union has been blest by a numerous progeny. Charlie Hinde of the Tenth (Gerald's old friend) is wooing Gerald's sister, and if one may peep into the future, one may premise for him the success he deserves. Mrs. Hards, the housekeeper at the Hall, is about to accept the hand and heart of Farmer Kite, who still prides himself on his "vamous brew of zider." Phyllis, the under-housemaid, has made a railway porter happy, and the curate is supposed by the gossips to have designs on the heart of the eldest Miss Streake.

Here we may well leave our friends. Here too, reader, you and I must part. We have been companions for a long journey; now we have come to the parting of ways. Maybe in this busy world's stress and conflict you and I may meet again. Who knows?

THE END.

It is only necessary to add that no charge of plagiarism will be brought by the present writer against those who avail themselves of the foregoing conclusions.

W. PETT RIDGE.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. MORLEY ON MACHIAVELLI.*

It was not, we imagine, without a certain ironical intention that Mr. Morley chose his subject for this year's lecture on the Romanes foundation. "Machiavelli" has apparently little to do with the studies in which Romanes was eminent, but nothing can be more certain than that those studies have powerfully contributed to rehabilitate both the ideas of Machiavelli and his historic name and fame. "It is true," says Mr. Morley, in his weighty closing sentences, "that Machiavelli represents certain living forces in our actual world; that science, with its survival of the fittest, unconsciously lends him illegitimate aid; that he is not a vanishing type, but a constant and contemporary influence. This is because energy, force, will, violence still keep alive in the world, their resistance to the control of justice and conscience, humanity and right. . . . He represents one side in the eternal struggle." No doubt the ethics of evolution are not a synonym for the gospel of force. Yet force has derived from the doctrine of evolution a quasi-ethical significance which it hardly possessed before; and the apostles of blood and iron, old and new, have reaped the benefit. If Mr. Morley sought a counterpart, in the sphere of historic statecraft of which he is amongst the most illustrious living masters, for some of the more obvious and unsophisticated applications of evolutionary ethics, Machiavelli lay ready to his hand.

It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Morley's lecture is a mere diatribe, even a diatribe so weighty and eloquent as one from his hand could not fail to be. Nine-tenths of it are devoted to an account of Machiavelli's life and genius which is the work of the historian, not in any sense of the advocate; and not a few passages suggest that the final judgment will be more favourable than it in fact proves. Clearly, there are features and phases in Machiavelli which strongly attract Mr. Morley, and no one familiar with his previous writings will be at a loss to discover them. It was with the study of the great Conservative, Burke, that he first made his mark in literature. He was attracted not only by Burke's political and moral idealism, but by his realism, by his profound instinct for facts, his fine and many-sided appreciation of society as it is. Machiavelli's idealism was crude enough and had little to do with morality; but his eye for facts was, within the limits in which he saw them at all, extraordinarily keen. This positive side of Machiavelli comes home to the eminently positive intellect of his exponent, and here are a few of the brilliant sentences in which he does it justice:

"Napoleon hated a general who made mental pictures of what he saw, instead of looking at the thing clearly as through a field-glass. 'I want to write something,' he said, 'that may be useful to the understanding man; it seems better for me to go behind to the real truth of things, rather than to a fancy picture.' Every sentence represents a thought or a thing. He is never open to the reproach thrown by Aristotle at Plato: 'This is to talk poetic metaphor.' As has been nevertheless truly said of Montesquieu, reflection is not broken by monuments and landscapes. He has the highest of all the virtues that prose-writing can.

* "Machiavelli." The Romanes Lecture. By the Right. Hon. John Morley, M.P. (Macmillan.)

possess—save the half-dozen cases in literature of genius with unconquerable wings—he is simple, unaffected, direct, vivid, and rational. He possesses the truest of all forms of irony, which consists in literal statement, and of which you are not sure whether it is irony or naiveté. He disentangles his thought from the fact so skilfully and cleanly, that it looks almost obvious. Nobody has ever surpassed him in the power of throwing pregnant vigour into a single concentrated word. Of some pages it has been well said that they are written with the point of a stiletto. He uses few of our loud easy words of praise and blame, he is not often sorry or glad, he does not smile and he does not scold, he is seldom indignant, and he is never surprised. He has not even the mastering human infirmity of trying to persuade."

Full justice is similarly done to Machiavelli's disdain for controversies about abstract forms of government, to his hatred of "compromise," to his insistence on trust in the people, and to those passages, unaccountable in a mere advocate of tyranny, in which Machiavelli's zeal for the State places him—by accident if you will—on the side of freedom. "You will hardly find in him a good word for any destroyer of a free government. It is to the free Roman Commonwealth that he would have his countrymen turn. He found the pattern he wanted in that strong respect for land, that devotion to country, that unquailing courage, that energy of purpose which has been truly called the essence of Rome. . . . Machiavelli has nothing to do with that most brilliant and illustrious of living German scholars who idolises Julius Cæsar, despatches Cato as a pedant, and Cicero as a coxcomb. . . . Let nobody, he says, be cheated by the glory of Cæsar. Historians have been spoiled by his success and by the duration of the empire that continued his name. If you follow the history of the empire, you will then know with a vengeance what is the debt of Rome, Italy, and the world to Cæsar." So long as he has to do with a state in which "respect for law" and "devotion to country" furnish the cohesive tissue of the commonwealth, Machiavelli's politics stand at no immeasureable distance from Mr. Morley's. It is only when he is confronted, as he was in practice, with a community in which all moral cohesion seems to be dissolved, that his political methods totally and disastrously diverge. He proposed to construct, out of corrupt components, a sound and efficient body politic. "Machiavelli and his school saw only cunning, jealousy, perfidy, ingratitude, dupery, and yet on such a foundation as this they dreamed that they could build. What idealist or doctrinaire ever fell into a stranger error? . . . If moral force and spiritual force is exhausted, with what hope are you to look for either good soldiers or good rulers?"

We will only add that, as became the academic occasion and scene of the lecture, Mr. Morley has permitted the rich and varied scholarship which his political utterances rather presuppose than exhibit, comparatively free play, and that the text is alive with allusion and reminiscence. Some of these are expanded or particularised in an appendix of valuable notes.

C. H. HERFORD.

PROFESSOR RAMSAY'S IMPRESSIONS OF TURKEY.*

The study of politics was no part of Professor Ramsay's purpose during his wanderings in Turkey and Asia Minor. He is an archæologist with one strong ambition, "to understand the old history of the country which has always been the battle-field between the Oriental and the Western spirit." His first object was to find unknown monuments; but, as he says, "the practical problem of discovery in Asia Minor always presents itself as a study in human nature." To find the monuments you must gain the good-will of the people; to gain their good-will you must deal intelligently with them. The intelligence does not come without watchful observation; and you cannot treat them by invariable rule, for the races and race characteristics are many and diverse. A successful archæologist in Turkish lands, then, is learned in Turkish human nature and in racial and local divergencies; and his observations on the modern condition of the country where he has travelled are worth listening to by politicians. We are the more willing to accept Professor Ramsay's impressions as the truth, because of his excellent candour. He refers you, in most respectful terms, to the evidence of such as think differently both on archæological questions and on politics; he holds his own opinions strongly, but insists on the complexity of the problem, and the limitations of a sojourner's opportunities.

The most fascinating portion of his book, the history of the continuous struggle in Asiatic Turkey between East and West, has of necessity to be brief. This struggle is seen in the war of Troy, in the strife of Xerxes with the Greeks, Europe triumphing splendidly under Alexander the Great, organising its triumphs under the Roman Empire, and spreading them subtly by the Christian religion. Meanwhile the Oriental spirit did not die, but influenced its conquerors, revived under the Byzantine Empire, and steadily grew in power, till at last the Turk reigned in the city of Constantine. Then for centuries it was supreme; but the old enmity has been surging up, and everywhere the Greek element is strengthening. "The Asiatic Greeks have the future in their hands," says this observer, and he adds that the Turks acquiesce. As to the recent revival of Mohammedan feeling, he believes it to be artificial and almost wholly engineered from the palace, and by "that remarkable man, the present Sultan," the Mithridates of the century. It is one of the many independent observations of the book, inviting useful controversy, that the "Turks are not a deeply religious race," and that the fanatical crusade against Christians is mainly artificial—that the Sultan alone is sincere. The conduct of the Powers, and the zealous help of Germany, have aided him magnificently; but Professor Ramsay's experience leads him to believe that there are irresistible forces against him in the west and centre of Asia Minor, and that even in the east the Oriental spirit is doomed. "The tide of Western ideas and Western thoughts is flowing and strong; eight centuries of strict and stern repression are behind it and drive it onward." The victory is not for the immediate future; the Oriental revival is directed, he considers, not impartially, but against the intelligent, the orderly, the moderate in Western civilisation. These elements, at least among the Armenians, are being exterminated, with the help of Europe.

His brief survey of the long struggle opens up a vast field for investigation and thought; but perhaps his notes on the different races in Asia Minor are more useful, and newer to many of us. "The interlacing and alternation of separate and unblending races" is the feature he most insists on. "Christian and Moslem" is a crude, misleading distinction. The Turk hates the Mohammedan Circassian more than he does the Greek. It is not mere information Professor Ramsay gives; he asks questions, too: whether the Turks are not merely settled Turkmens, those spirited, hospitable nomads, those utter barbarians, to whom must be given the chief credit for the destruction of Roman civilization; and whether the fierce Kurd is not merely the Mohammedan Armenian. The unpopular, mean-spirited, crafty, inhospitable Armenian is, he believes, only the product of a persecution which is very, very old; the free Armenians cling desperately to their freedom, are haughty and spirited, as the story of the Zeitunli proves. And though a wanderer in Turkey will prefer as a rule to deal with Turks, Professor Ramsay puts a limit to this preference. The Turk is a good fellow, but stupid according to every Western test. Educated he becomes unpleasant. The moral discipline of intellect is always a possibility to the Armenian, the finer specimens of whom rise immeasurably higher. He is probably more in general agreement in his judgments on the Armenians than on the Greeks; but here, as in every judgment on human nature, Professor Ramsay convinces us by his unexaggerated recitals of experiences, by his admissions, that his opinions are both first-hand and trustworthy. "The instinct to trade and to haggle and to extort is just as real in the Turk as in the Greek; but in the former it is often dormant, owing quite as much to pure ignorance as to real generosity. I have experienced, proportionately, at least as much kindness and generosity and hospitality among Greek villages as among Turks; but, as it happens, I have stayed at a hundred times as many Turkish villages as at Greek." The cultivated Greeks, too, he has found lavishly generous and helpful to any archæologist who takes the trouble to be genial. But neither

* "Impressions of Turkey during Twelve Years' Wanderings." (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Greeks nor Turks have the making of a strong nation by themselves. "In union and amalgamation of the races lie the hope of Asia Minor." There is the "bar of religion"; but the "example of the third century shows that the bar is not indestructible."

It is impossible even to suggest all the interesting points of Professor Ramsay's travel experiences, or the new questions suggested in archæology, ethnology, history, and politics. One of these, perhaps, he will investigate and develop at some later day—the question of the possible existence of a Jewish aristocracy in the Eastern Roman Empire. We can only assure readers that no more attractive and no more independent book has been written about the troubled Turkish countries. We should also like to mention a little detail of arrangement in which the writer ought to find many imitators: his systematic references to the pages of his book where kindred subjects are dealt with.

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE.*

We are in the midst of a great revolution of thought, which is touching literature and speculation alike; an insurrection against everything which assumes that the external and material are the only fixed things, the only standards of reality. There have indeed been always plenty of men to write and to say that "thought is the only reality," but since the rise of the scientific philosophers they have said it with a merely academic conviction, and all their criticisms of life and of literature have assumed that the world and nature were alone realities. But this insurrection has come with a generation young enough to have escaped from servitude to the scientific philosophers, and M. Maeterlinck, who took the red bonnet from the hands of Villiers de Lisle Adam, is among the most inspired of its leaders. The soul is to-day, he says, "clearly making a mighty effort. Its manifestations are everywhere, and they are strangely urgent. . . . . I will say nothing of the occult powers, of which signs are everywhere. . . . . These things are known of all men, and can easily be verified, and truly they may well be the merest bagatelle by the side of the vast upheaval that is actually in progress, for the soul is like a dreamer, enthralled by sleep, who struggles with all his might to move an arm or raise an eyelid. . . . . In the work-a-day lives of the humblest of men spiritual phenomena manifest themselves—mysterious direct workings that bring soul nearer to soul; and of all this we can find no record in former times." His book is an exposition of the "mysterious direct workings" of which "we can find no record in former times"; and the wonder of the book is that M. Maeterlinck has dwelled so long with these dim powers, these mysterious principalities, which are the deep below all deeps, that he writes of them, not with the arid vehemence of a combatant or an innovator, but with a beautiful pathos and tenderness. "What avail to cultivate an *ego* on which we have little influence? It is our star which it behoves us to watch. It is good or bad, pallid or puissant, and not by all the might of the sea can it be changed. Some there are who may confidently play with their star as one might play with a glass ball. They may throw it and hazard it where they list; faithfully will it ever return to their hands. They know full well it cannot be broken. But there are many others who dare not even raise their eyes towards their star, without it detach itself from the firmament and fall in dust at their feet." The book lacks the definiteness of the great mystics, but it has countless passages of this curious pathetic beauty, and shows us common arts and things, with the light of the great mystics, and a new light that was not theirs, beating upon them. It is very tolerably translated by Mr. Alfred Sutro, and had not Mr. A. B. Walkley written an absurd introduction would have been worthy to be a book of those that have few books and turn to them year after year. Mr. A. B. Walkley has done great service to dramatic literature by his analysis of modern drama, but he has no mystical knowledge and no mystical sympathy. He has introduced a book, which would charm that it may persuade, with a story from Dickens about Mr. Squeers and how his pupils spelled w-i-n-d-e-r before they cleaned the windows. Apart from his special subjects Mr. Walkley is but a popular journalist, and would probably think a quotation from Dickens and a quotation from Dr. Johnson, unfailing symptoms of popular journalism, the only necessary prelude to "The Imitation of Christ." If publishers would frankly recognise that popular journalism has but a trade value, and perforate the inner margins of the pages of its introductions, no man would have a reason to complain. To merely slip the introductions in like circulars would be to go too far, for numbers will always prefer them to the books themselves. W. B. YEATS.

* "The Treasure of the Humble." By Maurice Maeterlinck. (George Allen.)

PHILOSOPHY OF THEISM.*

In his first course of Gifford Lectures, Professor Campbell Fraser gave a lucid statement of the ultimate problem of Philosophy, how are God, matter, and the ego to be unified; in other words, what is the true interpretation of the universe. In those lectures he also criticised with insight and force the solutions offered by Materialism, Pantheism, and Pan-egoism. The present course of lectures expounds the Theistic solution, and in this volume we have a presentation of the views which a clear, profound, and honest thinker has reached during a lifetime of concernment with philosophical problems. The volume will secure attention mainly no doubt as proceeding from a professional philosopher who has yet maintained his independence of thought and been carried away by no fashion nor by the overwhelming authority of any great name. It will also secure attention from all who value style and believe that philosophy can and ought still to be presented in as luminous and perfect a form as that of Plato and Aristotle, or of Berkeley and Hume. Professor Fraser thinks it a significant sign of the times that three of our most influential statesmen have recently published philosophical works in which they range themselves on the side of final Faith as against final Doubt. Perhaps it is quite as hopeful a sign of the times that the works referred to are written by men who know and can use the charm with which a lucid style invests the great problems of philosophy.

In making good the theistic position, Professor Fraser necessarily discusses the so-called "proof" of the existence of God; and his criticism of these proofs is enlightening. "Theistic faith, as the condition of all proof, is itself incapable of scientific proof." But theistic faith, the faith that the world is reasonable and not meaningless and untrustworthy, is in argeement with the demands of reason. "Is not this the conception of the whole, which—I do not say by strict logical necessity of the understanding I *must* take—but which I *ought* to take? To think of the universe into which I enter in all my concrete experience as inevitably involving in it, at the extreme of man's intellectual resources for the enquiry, the idea of duty, and its correlative personal freedom, is to realise that I am a spiritual person, and not merely a physical thing. It is, correlatively to think of the universe as the revelation to me of moral personality, and not merely as an unbeginning and unending succession of physical changes." The eminent sanity of this position and the sincerity, fairness of mind, and knowledge with which the position is defended must exert a persuasive influence on every reader. This contrast of persons and things is one of the guiding conceptions of the lectures, and among the many uses to which it is put none will be found more helpful than the supreme application to the Divine Personality. What constitutes the personality of God? Does it exclude the idea of omnipresence? Is it necessarily anthropomorphic and misleading as applied to God? Let Professor Fraser answer: "Does not the faith on which life reposes—the faith that the universe is finally trustworthy, and that I am morally free—put one who experiences this faith in a consciously *ethical* relation to the reality that is operative in all his experience? Now if the term 'person' as distinguished from 'thing' is taken as the one term which especially signalizes *moral* relations among beings and which implies moral order, as distingu'shed from merely mechanical or phy-

* "Philosophy of Theism, being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1895-96." Second series. By Alexander Campbell Fraser, LL.D., D.C.L. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

sical order; and if the universe of reality, in its final principle, must be treated as an object of moral trust, when we live in obedience to its conditions, does not this mean that it is virtually personal, or revelation of a person rather than a thing—an infinite Person, not an infinite Thing?" That is a way of stating what is involved in Divine Personality which cannot fail to rid many minds of their perplexities. In his chapter on miracles Professor Fraser seems to go a step further than this. But the entire volume will greatly hearten theists not only by the healthy optimism of its spirit, but by its clear enouncement of the conclusions of a candid, competent, and thorough philosophy. MARCUS DODS.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF "LE NEVEU DE RAMEAU."*

Diderot wrote "Le Neveu de Rameau" about 1770 probably. His own autographic text was only discovered in 1890. Before then the world, or the reading, thinking fraction of it, had known the satire through a German translation of it by Goethe, a re-translation into French by Saur, an incomplete text edited by Brière—which he said was from a manuscript in the possession of the author's daughter—subsequently through a copy unearthed in St. Petersburg by Tourneux about twelve years ago. Mr. Morley gave an English version of the most interesting parts of it in the appendix to his "Diderot and the Encyclopedists." Carlyle spoke of it as "a Sibylline utterance from a heart all in fusion; no ephemeral thing . . . was ever more perennially treated"; and surely all readers with a palate know it at first-hand, and have gained from it one of the keenest and saddest sensations that books can ever give them. It is a marvellous, an inexplicable success. Even when Swift immortalised a passing controversy, it was a controversy of apparently more universal interest than the petty quarrels of the scribblers and fiddlers of just pre-revolution Paris, out of which sprang this dialogue that one cannot conceive as ever growing old and tasteless. Of course, the petty squabbles only served to agitate Diderot's nerves enough to set the depths of his mind working, a mind the most profound, the most sympathetic of all his contemporaries. Yet for Diderot even to have created this thing is wonderful. His was a vast and an agile intellect, too energetic to let him sentimentally generalise like Rousseau; too vast to permit him to make epigrams of longer fame than wisdom, like Voltaire. But where dramatic power is needed in his stories and plays, he is flabby and vague. Yet Rameau is a great creation—a living man if writer ever made one—free as Shakespeare's greatest from caricature; a creature that Cervantes might have made, had the Spaniard lived and starved and scribbled in eighteenth-century Paris. A parasite, yet a man, and so not all parasite; a vile fawner; a household fool, yet with genius working fantastically in him; conscious of his degradation, and content; a shrewd philosopher; a cynic; an artist to his finger tips, torn by the strange powers within him and by hunger, he drags up pity from the depths of you, and kills it with an evil jest. So topical was it, so full of references to contemporaries, that Diderot did not dare to publish it in his lifetime, and in these topics, these contemporaries, hardly a jot of interest remains, yet the satire is as living as the human nature inside any of you to-day. To read it after an interval of years is to revive your wonder at the possibilities of literature.

The present translation is interesting as having been made direct from Diderot's autographic text, edited by M. Monval, in 1890, and on the whole is very readable and vigorous. We were the more surprised at this after seeing an instance of unforgivable slang in the preface, where Miss Hill, referring to the strange fortune of the MS., talks of the "weirdness" of its fate. Also, in a note on p. 55 we find "Joseph II. made this *weird* compliment," and on p. 81 we read, "the *weird* costume of the minister frightened the little animal." This silly, slangy use of the word makes the general excellence of the version an astonishing thing; but in gratitude for our surprise we recommend her translation to all such as prefer to read the masterpiece in English.

* "Rameau's Nephew." A translation from Diderot's Autobiographic Text. By Sylvia Margaret Hill. (Longmans.)

WELSH SONGS.*

In this taking anthology of the "Caniadau Cymru" (Songs of Wales)—which bears the imprint of Bangor, but is as well produced as any volume from Vigo Street—Professor Lewis Jones has tried, he tells us, to do for the Welsh lyric poets what Professor Palgrave did long ago for the English Poets in his "Golden Treasury." It was a good idea, and the result is a book edited with taste and a lively modern sense of the critical standards, which no one who cares for Welsh poetry or for Celtic literature can afford to neglect. To compare it, however, with the English "Golden Treasury" would in any case be impossible. Its editor, to begin with, has chosen to limit himself in a way that reduces his collection to perhaps a third of Professor Palgrave's volume. He has confined himself mainly to the poets who write in what are called the "free measures," omitting those—a very large contingent—who use the "close measures" prescribed by that stern law-giver among Welsh poets, Dafydd ap Edmund. This arrangement, while it simplifies the task of selection, shuts out unluckily some of the greatest names, such as Dafydd ap Gwilym and (save for one insufficient example) Goronwy Owen. But another volume is to be devoted to these; and then, one hopes, Professor Lewis Jones will amalgamate the two; for, as it is, the reader is apt to feel confused by the absence of familiar landmarks which make the lyric uplands of Welsh poetry pleasant travelling.

As it is, the present volume deals with those who were especially the song-writers — from Huw Morus, in the seventeenth century, to "Ceiriog" (John Ceiriog Hughes), who died only ten years ago; both of them poets who were born in "Glyn Ceiriog," Denbighshire. As for "Ceiriog," as he was the latest, he was certainly one of the finest flowers in this garden of poetry. He spent most of his life as a stationmaster at small railway stations in Wales, not a calling generally associated with poetry; but he was in touch all the time with the countrysides he loved, and the railway dust never got into the lines of his songs, which are so limpid, beautiful, and impulsive that it is no wonder Welshmen carry them to the other ends of the earth, and sing them in African mines and Patagonian fields.

And he is only one out of so many, all unknown to the benighted English reader, who not knowing, is contented to think there is nothing to know. There are songs here by Ceiriog's predecessor and master in the art, "Talhairn," otherwise John Jones, of Llanfairtalhairn, which might rank, and not in a Welsh estimate only, for lyric beauty with some of Burns'. Indeed, this poet reminds one of Burns in other things than his poetry, as Professor Jones points out in one of the terse notes, full of information thrice concentrated, with which he has furnished the book. "Talhairn," in his career as a master-builder, travelled far from Llanfair, and helped to build the Crystal Palace, and spent three years in Paris, and returned, with his old infirmity, to die at home.

Many of these Welsh poets who sing most gaily and exuberantly of the joy of earth, in songs of the sunrise, songs of the lark and blackbird, love-songs full of wit and tenderness, lived, like Burns and Shelley, chequered and broken lives enough. Some of them, like the hapless Goronwy Owen, died in exile; one, Daniel Ddu O Geredigion, by his own hand; few lived to be as old as Huw Morus, who saw eighty-three. But whether living wisely or too well, or ill and on the edge of poverty, they took the sweetness of life into their songs, and made even their melancholy musical.

> "Sun on the hill, and wind on flowing seas;
> Grey stones amid the lonely haunt of trees;
> And sea-mews 'mid the haunt of men;—
> Ah, how they break my heart again!"

So the unknown poet who contributes one of the *Pennillion Telyn*, or stanzas improvised to a harp-tune, included in this volume, may be freely paraphrased; and his sense of the heart-breaking burden of old association is one that many of his fellow poets felt. "*Hiraeth*," which means both longing and regret, is an indispensable word in their

* "Caniadau Cymru." Selected and edited by W. Lewis Jones. (Bangor: Jarvis and Foster.)

vocabulary, and in vain do they bid it begone, as in another *pennill*:

"Hiraeth, hiraeth, cilia, cilia!"

It is to be found in Goronwy's one poem, where he turns to recall his native Mona—"Mon araul," as he fondly calls it—and in many another poem in the volume, dedicated to pleasant native places.

One thing that must strike any English reader on making his way into this Welsh demesne for the first time, is the religious sentiment that runs through its lyric poetry, and forms so essential and natural a part of it, that to separate secular from religious, as in English poetry, would be impossible. This, although Professor Lewis Jones has rather avoided the purely devotional poets, only quoting one example of Williams Pantycelyn, and omitting altogether such fine hymn-writers as Ann Griffiths, while that hearty and idiomatic Elizabethan, Vicar Pritchard, only appears in the introduction. Despite such omissions, and others which those who know the southern Welsh poets may be inclined to grumble over, enough is left to show for how much the religious emotion has counted in the poetry of Wales. It comes out very clearly in "Islwyn," whose fine mysticism is fairly represented here; and whether with "Islwyn," who is for the moment the bright particular star in the Welsh firmament, or with "Ceiriog," whose songs shine on undiminished, we must feel in laying down the book that it brings together a body of poetry that is full of lyric delight, and possessed of an idiosyncrasy, a native aroma, as marked as that in a song of Burns, or a *lied* of Walter von der Vogelweide. But as one is not content to keep such things only to one's own household, one is tempted to suggest that Professor Lewis Jones should prepare an edition of the book with English counter-text; adding, too, the poets who mixed the "cynghanedd" (assonancy) with their lyric wit; and putting the whole into a pocketable volume, so that one might carry it on one's expeditions through the mountains sung by Mynyddog and Robin Ddu Eryri. ERNEST RHYS.

THE POPULAR RELIGION AND FOLK LORE OF NORTHERN INDIA.*

This is the most valuable contribution yet made, on the popular side, to the great subject of ethnographic research in India. The missionaries almost from the first realised the truth that, till we know the peoples, we cannot successfully evangelise or govern them. The Derby editor and printer, William Ward, who went out to Serampore at the end of last century, as William Carey's colleague, was the first to publish "a minute description" of the manners and customs of the Hindoos of every caste and class; and the second edition of his work, under the title of "A View of the History, Literature, and Mythology of the Hindoos," published in 1818 in two quarto volumes, is still of value. Carey himself contributed to the literature of Bengali folk-lore in his "Dialogues," of which the third edition appeared in the same year. From time to time thereafter collections of proverbs and tales were made from the different languages of India by James Long, P. Percival, Lal Behari Day, Captain Carr, Captain Temple, M.A., Sherring, Andrew Campbell, and others, all revealing a richness and, at the same time, confusion of materials, which awaited the touch of scientific classification and elucidation. Dr. John Wilson's posthumous volumes on "Indian Caste" (1877) are a mine of facts as to much more than the multitudinous castes. At last the institution of a decennial census of the population of India led the Government to action. Its officials had not neglected ethnographic inquiry in their survey and administration reports, and especially in the very detailed investigation made every generation into the agricultural life of the people with a view to the re-assessment of the land revenue. Individuals like the late Colonel Dalton, Dr. Wise, and Sir George Campbell, when the last was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, contributed to the literature and art of the subject.

The census of 1881 proved to be the starting-point. Sir William Plowden then suggested that its costly and rich material should be made the basis of an attempt to extend and systematise our knowledge of the customs, beliefs, and occupations of the peoples of India. He cited Mr. Denzil Ibbetson's Memorandum on Ethnological Enquiry in the Panjab as a model for other provinces. The Government of India and the Secretary of State approved. The first result was the appointment in 1885 of an expert, Mr. H. H. Risley, of the Bengal Civil Service, to conduct an enquiry into castes and occupations throughout the seventy millions of Bengal. The late census had shown how rapidly the old aboriginal faiths are being effaced, and the primitive races are being absorbed in the elastic system of Hinduism. A conference was held at Lahore, at which the series of questions prepared by a committee of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland in 1874, were adapted to the special conditions of India. This resulted in the printing, in Calcutta, in 1891, of Mr. Risley's two magnificent volumes on "The Tribes and Castes of Bengal—Ethnographic Glossary," preceded by an introductory essay on "Caste in Relation to Marriage." This was the official edition, circulated only for criticism. The whole forms a wonderful collection of folk-lore and caste and racial facts and customs, arranged alphabetically and beautifully printed. It was the first attempt to apply to Indian ethnography the methods of systematic research sanctioned by the authority of European anthropologists.

Mr. Crooke has done something of the same kind for the great province of which he has been a civil servant for a quarter of a century, in his "Ethnographical Handbook for the North-Western Provinces and Oudh." The popular treatise before us has all the authority, therefore, of scientific fact and generalisation, while it has the charm of literary style and very human interest. We are not surprised at the success of the first edition of 1893, which was exhausted in a few months. This edition is practically a new book embodying the results of the ethnographical survey of the North-Western Provinces, which are to be published separately. For the student of Christian missions, no less than for the curious inquirer into the mysterious inner life of the races entrusted to our rule, this book is indispensable. Here we see, almost before our eyes, the process of the degradation of the great primal gods of Hindu nature-worship. Brahma has now only two shrines among the more than two hundred millions of idol-worshippers, at Pushkar and Edar of the Rajpoots. Indra has now become "a vague weather deity who rules the choirs of fairies." Varuna is a degraded weather godling, the fetish of sailors, who worship their own boat before entering on a voyage. Agni-worship survives only in the fire sacrifice of one sect of Brahmans. Even the names are forgotten of Pushan and Ushas, Vayu and the Maruts, except by the few philosophical reformers who aim at restoring Vedism, "a faith which is as dead as Jupiter or Aphrodite." Lighted up by illustrations from the folk-lore of our own ancestors, Mr. Crooke's chapters describe the godlings of nature, the heroic and village godlings, the godlings of disease and of the sainted and malevolent dead, the evil eye and the ghosts, the tree and serpent worship, totemism and fetishism, the animal worship, the black art and some rural festivals and ceremonies—all enchaining the interest of the reader, and leaving him with a pathetic compassion for the millions who have not yet passed out of this land of darkness, as our fathers did from the pantheon of Rome and, more slowly, from the cults of Scandinavian and Celtic demonolatry. In these volumes Mr. Crooke has done a great service to all who are interested in the people of India, whether on the scientific, the administrative, or the practical Christian side. GEORGE SMITH.

* "The Popular Religion and Folk Lore of Northern India." By W. Crooke, B.A., Bengal Civil Service. In Two Volumes. A New Edition, revised and illustrated. (Westminster: Archibald Constable and Co. 1896.)

THE SONG-BOOK OF BETHIA HARDACRE.*

By a pretty fiction this collection of verses feigns to pick from books belonging to ages wide apart, from "The Honeycomb of Homage" and "The Phoenix' Nest," by Sir Florio Hardacre, of Elizabethan times, through the Jacobean and Restoration singers of the family, Colonels Antony and Endymion, to the Rev. Sir Endymion, Antony John, and

* "The Song-Book of Bethia Hardacre." By Ella Fuller Maitland. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Bethia, wooers of the muse in these later days by tradition, and favourites by natural grace and genius. Such a pretty fiction is not easy to sustain; but it is sustained. This to Sacharissa Crewsby, afterwards the wife of Sir Florio, has the right ring and the correct conceit.

"Seeing I could not plucke Thee from my Harte,
Parting from Thee, I from my Harte did parte;
And, owning now Hartes twain in place of one,
Thou canst no longer lacke compassion.
That Harte, at least, mine Advocate must bee
That first was mine and went from Me to Thee.
And since, erstwhile, did I that Harte possesse
Well do I knowe its Truthe and Tendernesse."

Not this, but some others, suggest the question: is it worth while shaping and training your utterance to an old-world speech, limited in range, or stiffly unresponsive to modern needs? It is not, unless the finest art be used; and it ends in a failure if employed to utter the particular quality of to-day's thought. Mrs. Maitland has the exquisite skill of the student and the artist, and her themes, though simple, are universal, with no local complexion and no secular limitations about their interest, or they are prettily trifling and demand an artificial garb. At the worst, then, her song-book is an elegant game; at the best the careful art never obtrudes; for though the fiction suggests that the metres and rhythms and forms she uses were inspired by piety to family traditions, the truth seems to be that they have come to her pen by natural selection. There are songs here that might have been written by Shirley; yet there is not one archaism in them. A certain stately simplicity in her mind chose inevitably the elder fashion rather than those of Keats or Swinburne or Tennyson. Now and again the measures and music of to-day seem to be echoed. "Do not strive to raise her up," remotely reminds us of Arnold's "Strew on her roses, roses"; but a closer look convinces us the dirge might have been written any time during the last two centuries and a half. The same may be said of the three best poems in the collection—a partial concession to the judgment adverse to close imitation of the ancients, but so partial that while it condemns a good many under the faint praise of "pretty" and "skilful," treasures others for their exquisite art, at least. The three, which have, I think, been noted in these columns before, in reviews of "The Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre" and the "Saltonstall Gazette," are "Love is a precinct, not a god"; the austerely beautiful,

"Fear Time, but fear not Death,
O fearful Lover;"

and the one that closes the volume, so spirited and so wistful, "All Ends in Song." This last has the luck to ring in the ear—

"All ends in song—the doing and undoing,
The taken fortress, and the lost campaign;
The patient waiting and the hot pursuing,
The pride of life, the peril and the pain;
All ends in song—love, honour, bliss, and woe,
The glad heart's thrill, the sad heart's bitter throe."

There is nothing obscure, save the occasional twist of an old-fashioned conceit, nothing unfamiliar to common human nature, in the Song-Book. Not great poetry, and unoriginal, perhaps, to some judgments, but the product of an exquisite and a resolute mind, untouched by passing vulgarities. Something of herself the singer reveals in the verses "Of Philomel—

"The sweetness of the night is always there,
Shy Philomela only garners it
Together, and gives back unto the air
What in the book of night before was writ.
Who hears her voice hears in it no new song,
But one that does unto all time belong."

A. M.

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT WOMEN.*

These "little stories," of very distinguished workmanship, are mainly concerned with the life of English society women—not seen on parade, but in the moods of reminiscence and sentiment that come when they are tired or suddenly released from tension—and with popular Italian life, of which the writer has an unusually close knowledge. The Italian stories, with their pithy use of the speech of peasant and gondolier, give the keenest literary pleasure; but the English ones will certainly make a more general appeal, while in them George Fleming's gift of light and certain portraiture is, perhaps, seen at its best. In "By Accident," for instance, we are presented to the heroine as she is passing out of life; hardly a fact is told of the years that went before. But we know her, this irreproachable wife and mother and member of society, bound, nevertheless, by the slightest of bonds to her responsibilities—the half-conscious irony in her relations to life always a puzzle to her solemn husband, yet in whom sentiment could be, and had been, awakened, in whom it asserts itself as the strongest reality at the last. On a lower scale of difficulty, not of skill, are the two portraits, in "A Woman with No Nonsense About Her," of the ill-mated friends, one accepting the world's good things with impudent complacency, the other on whom life levies heavy dues, because she lacks the great gifts, audacity and grace. In "For Better, for Worse," and in "Mees"—the latter a study of Italian patriotism as seen through the ignorant but loving eyes of an English lady's-maid—there is the same light-handed skill; but I miss it in the more openly emotional "The Next House" and "A Contemporary."

Of the Italian stories "The Prince of Morocco" craves first mention for its daring subject and its unexpectedness. It is an imaginative guess at the history of Portia's swarthy suitor of that name. George Fleming accounts for him in Northern Italy in a poetical fantastical experiment, which is only audacious, not blasphemous. Of course, for most excellent reasons, it ought to be a failure, but in one or two directions it confounds the right-minded critic, for it revivifies a page of old Venetian life, and it is a delightful bit of imaginative writing. In force and reality, however, it must give way before the exquisite tragi-comedy of the beggar women in "For Ten Francs," one of the two great successes of the book. Perhaps "At Venice" cannot compete with that one in familiar human interest. Yet I venture to think the high-water mark of the book is reached in the narrative of the old gondolier, once employed in his youth by an Austrian officer to row two prisoners to their death at the back of San Georgio. In most hands it would have been a mere picturesque description; here it is a little drama concentrating into its few pages the Venetian struggle, gathering up the profound mystery of the Venetian night, giving, too, by the way, the gondolier philosopher's excellent summary for and against the powers that were and the powers that be.

. . . "Men walked the streets of Venice with the cold fear of the White Prisons, and the hot fear of the White Army lying heavy upon their mouths, so that no man spoke of it at all—no, not even to his brother. And when there was talk that man vanished. . . Now, we are all Italians, they tell me. . . We are all alike now, I, and Maso, and you, and the first three-foot-high assassin of a Sard. . . That is because we have a Government now—a Government, and an army, and a law, and all Italy is free, and the black dogs of priests can frighten no one any more, except the women; and the wine is watered, and a man's polenta costs like roast chicken. . . We are free. *Sarà!* How should I know? But what I say is that those with the full pockets get the last word. Those were our masters, and these are our masters. Paroni! e poi paroni! And the master is the man who has the last word."

Surely one may expect a measure of popularity for stories whose subtle art is condoned by the general human interest of their subjects.

A. M.

* "Little Stories About Women." By George Fleming. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

CICERO AND HIS FRIENDS.*

The good name of Cicero must always be dear to literature, and though he will probably never recover the unique position which the splendour of his style once secured him, yet he has in recent years been the object of such virulent attacks, notably at the hands of Drumann and Mommsen, that it is pleasant to see his conduct and character discussed in a more reasonable, because a more sympathetic spirit. M. Boissier fully acknowledges that Mommsen is "the master of all who study Rome and her history,"

* "Cicero and his Friends." By Gaston Boissier, translated by A. D. Jones. Crown 8vo, pp. 391, 5s. (London: A. D. Innes & Co.)

but with regard to his treatment of Cicero he strongly protests against the paradox that "this pretended statesman was only an egotist and a short-sighted politician, and this great writer only made up of a newspaper novelist and a special pleader." "Here," he writes, "we perceive the same pen that has just written down Cato a Don Quixote and Pompey a corporal," and he claims that the correspondence of Cicero, in which he lays bare to us every passing emotion, should not be scrutinised by professors with "conscientious malevolence," but judged in a larger spirit by those who have "more acquaintance with life than one usually finds in a German university."

In this M. Boissier is undoubtedly right. An impulsive and excitable man who, during twenty years such as those which preceded the murder of Cæsar, plays a leading part in politics and is also a writer of exceptional brilliancy and power, cannot indulge in a large and intimate correspondence without revealing to the inquisitive eyes of posterity a thousand weaknesses, inconsistencies, and errors. With the letters to Atticus in his hand a schoolboy can make Cicero appear contemptible. Has he not secured for his reputation what Dogberry desired, writing himself down "a genuine ass" (*scio me asinum germanum fuisse*—Ad Att. 4, 5), and should not this be taken as a final judgment on his character, just as the equally famous remark which he makes about his philosophical writings—"They are copies; I only supply words, in which I abound"—is quoted by Mommsen as the final verdict which sober criticism should pass on works such as the "De Officiis" and the "De Natura Deorum"? These works were written, according to that great authority, "with equal peevishness and precipitation . . . . in rude imitation of Aristotle" during the few months before the orator's death, and no contempt can be too great for them or for their writer. Yet, after all, the old man who, mastering at last his natural timidity, had signed his own death-warrant by publishing the "Philippics" might seem to deserve consideration rather than contumely, if, before the sword fell, he spent his latest hours in seeking to place before his fellow countrymen some account of those philosophical speculations which then afforded the poor but only substitute for religion. "When, in studying his history," writes M. Boissier, "I am tempted to reproach him with irresolution and weakness, I think of his end; I see him as Plutarch has so well depicted him, 'his beard and hair dirty, his countenance worn, taking his chin in his left hand as his manner was, and looking steadily at his murderers,' and I no longer dare to be severe." This is the language of humanity, and it is also the language of justice.

To deride Cicero and deify Cæsar, "saluting in advance that popular despot who can alone give unity to Germany," was no doubt natural for Mommsen, but the French have learned in this century that even wise men may, as Cicero did, halt between two opinions and admire Cæsar but love the Republic. The French temperament, too, with its love of wit, eloquence, and literary grace, its versatility and impulsiveness, is far more akin than the more phlegmatic mood of Germany to the character of Cicero, and in consequence M. Boissier writes with that sympathetic insight without which no man's life can be written well. He understands Cicero, and he makes us understand him. He does not seek to describe him as a hero, but he does show us how this man, whose rare gifts have endeared him to thousands of readers during twenty centuries, being called upon in a time of unexampled difficulty and danger to take a great place in public life, did, in spite of human infirmities, so bear himself as to deserve almost always our sympathy, and not infrequently our respect.

It only remains to add that the exceedingly complex characters of Atticus, Brutus, and Augustus are discussed with great tact and discrimination, while throughout, the work of translation is executed with taste and accuracy. The book is an excellent book, and deserves to be widely read.

T. E. PAGE.

MEMOIRS OF BARON LEJEUNE.*

These volumes have been translated with considerable care. Some apparent slips occur, as on page 17, where surely "the curés of Valois" should be "of the Valais." Cambacérès was Archchancellor, not "Lord High Chancellor of the Empire." Measurements and numbers are sometimes translated wrong. As for the editing, it goes no farther than a very few short notes, which are, however, sensible and to the purpose. A book so desultory, fragmentary, and spasmodic might seem to demand an elaborate commentary, but, as a fact, it was hardly worth it. All the editing required was what, of course, we do not get—a page or two of information about the author and his book, its date, original form, and the circumstances and fortunes of its publication. Of all these, of course, not a word. There is indeed a prosy Introduction, by a colonel, but his dozen pages are absolutely barren—a mere imprimatur, or laudatory review. Clearly the Colonel knows not a syllable beyond what he has just gleaned from the book itself. Nor, apparently, does the translator, whose meagre Preface is confined to the usual acknowledgments of help received from friends. Nor, let me confess, do I. Lejeunes were not much rarer in the French army than Smiths in ours, and only a specialist with the best of memories can keep all the Napoleonic Lejeunes, Lebruns, Legros and Laclos in his head. Reading certain episodes in the second volume, one feels an impression of having come across Lejeune in some of the other memoirs of the time, but one forgets where. And if when we open his book he was an obscurity, when we close it he is a mystery. His reminiscences are so spasmodic and disjointed that we cannot grasp his true position and career. The first chapter is so meagre as to suggest a mythical element. We should have liked some collateral information as to his family and education such as an editor might supply. Lejeune leaves off his story in 1813, when, he says, he retired from the army and devoted himself to painting. The editor adds a brief note, stating that little is known of the remaining fifteen years of Lejeune's life, which were passed in great retirement, save that he compiled these Memoirs, and also projected a work on the Restoration. We gather that the Memoirs were published after his death, attracted no attention, and have lately been republished. By the way, he himself says (p. 72) that he is writing in 1845, though the editor, as noticed above, fixes his death before 1830.

If we could only get a consistent view of General Lejeune, he might be an interesting figure. He was a good linguist, a good sketcher, and a good engineer. Such useful all-round men were rare; so from the first he was drawn aside from the steady course of promotion by special services, confidential missions, and other staff duties. In fact, all through he seems to have been aide-de-camp to some marshal or other. His pictures seem to have been much admired in their day. And here we should have liked a little new information. Do Lejeune's works survive? What is his position, if any, in French art? I am utterly ignorant, but from his book should infer that he could not possibly have had time to become a finished painter, but that he had a distinct vocation and all the French precocity of talent. His artist-eye often lends effect and colour to his narrative. Yet, on the other hand, the artistic temperament probably implies a good deal of exaggeration and careless statement, very often, I dare say, merely conventional, and so easily discounted. Thus at the storming of a Spanish convent, a few of the defenders were killed or wounded on the church roofs. Lejeune pretends that the "Gothic gurgoyles representing dragons, vultures and winged monsters . . . vomited forth upon the assailants below torrents of human gore." This Colonel Maurice thinks a fine historical touch. Clearly, from the nature of things and from the facts themselves, this is only the artistic way of saying that a little blood trickled from one, or perhaps two spouts. Again, at Austerlitz 10,000 Russians were taken, and their haversacks searched. "Our booty," says Lejeune, "resolved itself into 10,000 little black boxes, or rather triptych reliquaries, each containing an image of St. Christopher, with an equal number of pieces of black bread." A fine, bold, sweeping effect is gained here by the artist, but it fails to convince. Such graphic touches, so far from affording, as Colonel Maurice thinks, valuable side-lights on history, have to be toned down and corrected by the reader's common sense and experience. That the 10,000 knapsacks

* "Memoirs of Baron Lejeune." Translated and edited by Mrs. A. Bell. In two volumes. (Longmans, Green and Co.) Price 24s.

contained *exactly* 10,000 St. Christophers and 10,000 loaves, and *nothing else*, would be a splendid miracle indeed, if only it were true. Discount it, and what remains of fact? Probably this much, that the Russian soldiers were poor, and carried few luxuries; that *few* of the bags contained any money, or articles of value; that the last bread rations were unconsumed; that *most* bags contained some little icon or other, of which the *most common* was St. Christopher. All this is neither new nor wonderful. Analyse a little further, and we must see that the sole "historical value" of the passage lies in the facts (not stated by him, but inferred from him) that the French cuirassiers (who, it seems, fancied the bags must be "full of gold") were greedy, were disappointed, and knew less about Russians than you or I. And even this, is it new or wonderful?

If Lejeune wrote in 1745, he must have been nearly seventy, and probably wrote from memory, or more likely wove together, very unskilfully, episodes he had jotted down in his brighter days. That seems the best explanation of his want of coherence and proportion. Or possibly he wrote a long connected work, which has been abridged and mangled by his first or later editors. Its historical value is very slight. Nor is it very interesting. It is not a history, but personal reminiscences of historical events; yet somehow the personality of the author evades us. To the last he is a stranger, and we neither know nor care much about him. His reflections are not striking or profound; often they are childish and ridiculous; somes they sink to vulgar claptrap. The impression he leaves is that of a man who has a good deal to conceal and who conceals it clumsily, of an insincere soldier of fortune, a showy, flimsy, unstable fellow, whom Napoleon found useful as a familiar and spy upon the Marshals, but probably trusted much less than Lejeune pretends. That his contemporaries, who knew more than we about him, neglected his book is significant, and we should hesitate to give weight to any of his uncorroborated statements. His narrative of personal adventure is, however, lively enough, and probably Colonel Maurice is right in attaching a certain value to some of his detailed descriptions of military tactics. Y. Y.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE LARRAMYS. By George Ford. 6s. Hutchinson.

A terrible story, but perhaps even the last scene of all is not too terrible for truth. When the husband looks down on the three dead faces at the end, his wife's and his children's, you may call it melodrama, if you will; but something of the kind was bound to come out of that slow-mounting path to certain ill by which the writer takes his people, making not one false step himself by the way. It is the tragedy of ill-mated lives. The man, vigorous, coarse, self-willed, and kindly when not thwarted, would have made a pleasant enough husband for an unsensitive, uncultivated, energetic woman who should willingly own him master. Mated to a proud, fine-grained nature, he grows into a brute, from whom in the end his wife rescues her children and herself by death. The picture of Devonshire yeomen life gives the good and the bad of it. The Larramy household —with its mixed inmates, the brutal and the kindly, only their honesty and simplemindedness impressing the indifferent looker-on, but all of them with a terrible crudeness and lack of imagination, fatal to one who should come from a softer, a more enlightened world, and yet be dependent on them—are presented in an altogether masterly fashion. All one's sympathies are with the woman, yet the blind wonder of the Larramys at her point of view, at her delicacy, and her repugnance to them, are depicted, too, with unusual strength and clearness by a writer who knows human life and nature and pities them, but who is no sentimentalist.

THE PHILANDERERS. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. Macmillan.

The galloping pace of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" has slowed off, and Mr. Mason brings his adventurous soul to the contemplation of modern drawing-room characters. He does not like them, and he presents as their foil a man who has been brought face to face with the issues of life and death, who has been the arbiter of life and death in a Central African expedition full of unusual hardship and peril. He is a very fine fellow indeed, and, of course, he shows to the utmost advantage placed opposite a poor mean, spiteful, irritable thing of a novelist, and an idle, irresponsible spectator of life, who meddles intermittently with his neighbours' business, and never with wisdom. There is a woman, too, who treats the hero badly, admiring him though she does with whatever strength is in her thin, weak nature. The other woman, who has intelligence and character enough to be his mate, is given a mere secondary part to play. The contrast of the strong-willed, single-minded man of action with the philandering nobodies of London society is an interesting motive, but Mr. Mason's is only a 'prentice hand at this kind of work as yet; his subtleties are a little dull and his fine shades a little blurred. Now and again, as on p. 53, there is something like a parody of Mr. Meredith's style, unsustained, however—and the failure is fortunate.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Something like Mr. Mason's man of action appears again in Mr. Davis's story. A pioneer in remote regions of the world is strongly defined against a tamer society whose refinements and graces fascinate him, and whose womankind he idealises in his loneliness. But whatever be the points of resemblance, they are obscured by the great fact that "Soldiers of Fortune" is a thoroughly pleasant and cheerful story. The literary man is not a cad; and if the first fair lady of the hero's choice is unsatisfactory, she has a sister who is a trump, and who behaves handsomely all the way through. The book is a romance of the engineering world. "There are no men to-day . . . who lead as picturesque lives as do civil engineers. They are the bravest soldiers of the present day, and they are the least recognised." So says King, the literary traveller, and the story forces us to believe it, though Clay's experiences, including, as they did, not only tunnelling mountains, diverting river beds, bridging roaring cañons, but also stemming a revolution in a South American republic, must be called exceptional. Then he was amply paid for his past life of lonely hardship, for when the revolution came he was made captain of the forces of order, and the lady of his heart was there to see and to help. The two keep up a merry game of alternately saving each other's lives, their pluck and devotion being equally matched, and the horrors of slaughter, and the fall of dictators, hardly disturb, only pleasantly entertain us, serving merely as a lively, spirited background and byplay to the love story which Mr. Davis contrives to make the central fact and the absorbing interest.

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY. By F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

There is a disappointment in store for admirers of Mr. Crawford's work. He gives them in "A Rose of Yesterday" neither glowing Italian romance nor the careful detailed study of Roman or New York society. Evidently he has written his new book with a serious purpose—that of warning us against the dangers of facilities of divorce. We have no quarrel with that. His reflections on the subject are not interesting. Mr. Crawford is not a thinker, nor even an inspiring preacher; but as a man with something earnest to say we respect him. Now, to make his sermon effective, he should either have made his middle-aged heroine divorce her mad and bad husband, or convinced us, by glimpses at her later life, that she never did so. As a warning, or as a fine example, she would equally well serve his purpose. But he has not the courage to do one or the other. Just when the virtuous, faithful old lover is trying to persuade her that there she is under no obligation to rejoin her husband, who is about to be released from the asylum, and when she is resisting, but not in a way convincing to the reader, Mr. Crawford kills the mad, bad husband, and the virtuous old lover steps respectably into his shoes! What is the use of his story—which apart from a moral is not entertaining, and which has no moral? There is a half-developed boy that interests us a little, and an abortive romance of a young girl for an elderly man, which does not interest us at all, and does not interest Mr.

Crawford, for he drops it limply, and wanders away from it to preach his sermon with the illustration, which is no illustration, but a shirking of the whole position.

AUDREY CRAVEN. By Mary Sinclair. 6s. (Blackwood.)

We should like to do justice to the power displayed in the drawing of the central figure. Audrey is a woman of the age, and a disagreeable symptom of it. In reality a nobody, she plays a great many notable *rôles*, by a certain gift of effectively sucking in the atmosphere around her, and of making use of her friends. Most of her circle take her at her own high valuation, and as she has beauty and wealth, she lords it over everybody, and tramples on her victims with brutal capriciousness. She has her punishment, at last, and her appointed fate—marriage with a person as commonplace in essence as herself and with a demeanour befitting his mediocre brains. Audrey is the success of the story. The other personages are poor creations; and too much smartness takes away from the attractiveness of a book that should have been very good to express all the evident talent of the writer.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY MIRACLE. By Z. Z. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Mr. Louis Zangwill's latest story is distinguished from the ordinary detective tale by the interlacing of an elaborate and very disagreeable love story. The criminal mystery is not so good a one as it promises to be in the first chapter or two. Yet it would pass muster in a class where the average of merit is low; but one vulgar intrigue between the wife of the murdered man and the murderer, and another between her and the artist in whose studio the body was found, must revolt every reader of ordinary refinement, and must surprise all who have seen the writer's previous work.

A GREAT LIE. By W. H. Chesson. 6s. Unwin.

The irritation caused by Mr. Chesson's book should count to him for praise. Anything merely commonplace, or merely absurd, would not disturb as "A Great Lie" does. It is whimsical, incoherent, original, muddled, and shrewd. It misses its mark, we feel bound to say, but it hits a great many things and brings them down very cleverly. There are delightful pages in it, and there are affectations. There is poetry and also sheer frivolous mystification. It is not a whit the better, it is much the worse, for the difficult, puzzling garment it wears; but why heap up adverse criticism against a book that is at least so much better in material than nine-tenths of its neighbours, that is so much better, too, let us say in passing, than the writer's more coherent but much sicklier "Name this Child"? The story is slender enough; a few incidents in a seaside town are slung on to the change of identity of a poor cripple lad, a fisherman's son, a suffering dreamer, whereby he grows into a young Apollo, with the mind and soul of a very sophisticated poet, muddled by the mixture of his own old personality and his old memories. It is a satirical study on the power of Beauty; it is a study of the warfare between Beauty of the body and the soul; it touches on the mystery of pain, and its place in the economy of the universe; and on other things, too, that had best be read by a patient person in the book's own words. It is an ill-made story, with beautiful passages in it, and revealing the presence of a thinking, feeling mind at its worst as at its best.

HARVARD STORIES. By W. K. Post. 6s. (Putnams.)

The American undergraduate is like his English cousin in many essential points. He likes broad practical jokes; he is chock full of reverence for traditions; he is a barbarian secretly sentimental. The Harvard stories here are dedicated to Harvard men, and are sure of a cordial reception with these. As stories they may seem commonplace enough, and devoid of literary merit. But they can rightly claim to be wholesome and loyal in tone, and to represent most of the sides of college life that an average healthy undergraduate knows anything about.

SYMPHONIES. By George Egerton. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

Only one story, or, if you like, "Symphony," out of the seven is strongly reminiscent of George Egerton's earlier manner, which brought her notoriety. "At the Heart of the Apple" is the link between "Keynotes" and "Discords," especially the former, and the newer manner which is as yet fumbling and indeterminate. At least there was always a purpose at the core of the first kind, generally the one that is expressed in "Heart of the Apple"—to depict the "race of women, and they are many, to whom the child is first, the man always second." The interest, the success of propaganda, attach to these accordingly. When there is no propaganda, the writer has to depend precariously on a general knowledge of human nature, and on literary skill for a clientèle; and just at this moment George Egerton's fortunes are low. There is one picturesque scene in "A Chilian Episode," and there is a vivid presentment of the atmosphere of the Basque country in "Pan"; but the greater part of the work in the book is of poor literary quality, and the material utterly commonplace. After reading the Chilian tale and "Sea Pinks," we had an uneasy sense of listening to something very familiar, but incongruous with all our previous ideas of this writer. The voice of George Egerton was silent, and there were echoes of Ouida and Mr. Morley Roberts. These names, we think, accurately define the literary influences she seems to be under at this transitional stage. In what strikes her old readers as the most characteristic story, "Heart of the Apple," one is tempted to name Miss Corelli, too, but, in justice, the creation of the pure, strong, valiant child of nature should be called her own; besides, Miss Corelli would disown the morals. We should like to leave the matter here, and wait for what this writer of chaotic brain but considerable force of feeling may give us in the course of years, but we must fain express a hope that the passages and references of gratuitous vulgarity may receive some general discouragement from her readers. It may be worth mentioning, too, that this kind of writing must disgust alike the scientist and the lover of good letters—

"She proved a never-failing delight to him, this child woman, with her absolutely fresh, unspoiled nature, all her basic instincts intact; a genetic creature, fashioned of the right ground-stuff for the renewal of life in man by the formation of new strong individuals—in her physiological structure a "driftnatur"—quick to laugh, quick to be grave—with no conscious personality, a thing of perfect health, sound in mind and body, all her apperceptions unconfused by the scrapment system of modern education."

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE. By James Lane Allen. 6s. Macmillan.

It is possible that Mr. Lane Allen's popularity may not be so wide in England as it has grown to be in his own country. But the excellence of his work must secure him many readers among us, though our popular taste (of the more cultivated kind) is very different from popular taste in America. Here we are just a little ashamed, or a little impatient, of the open display of earnest feeling in a novel. We like it involved in the characters, implied in the course of events. There are no such superior airs put on by cultivated American readers, who are more patient of sentiment, of explanation, of the disburdening of the heart. In "The Choir Invisible," Mr. Allen disburdens himself with great simplicity, revealing a very sympathetic and sensitive nature. Lovers of historical fiction will find local colour and reference studiously and artistically attended to in this story of revolutionary America, the scene of which is laid in Kentucky at the end of the last century. But the main interest is not the revival of old times, but a love-story which might be of to-day or any day, a story which reminds one very pleasantly of Harry Esmond and Lady Castlewood, and not merely because the heroine of "The Choir Invisible" is a Virginian. We are reminded, too, of Oliver Wendell Holmes by the temper of the reflections, and the fact that we recall worthy names without irritation or scornful comparison while reading Mr. Allen, proves his work to be not of the common order.

THE QUEEN'S CUP. By G. A. Henty. 3 vols. 15s. (Chatto.)

The Indian mutiny, yachting adventures, and the evil eye, supply incidents enough for Mr. Henty's story, especially as the last is no mere supernatural influence but the deliberate vengeful tracking down of an innocent man by a full-fledged villain. But incidents notwithstanding, the very soul of dulness breathes throughout the three volumes. There is never a spark of wit, nor a blink of shrewdness, hardly a speech or an action that has any real living relation

to human nature, or whose life is not stifled by the complacent commonplaceness of the narrative.

FROM THE FOUR WINDS. By John Sinjohn. 6s. Unwin.

These sketches and reminiscences of a wanderer in all the four quarters of the globe are of as many or more complexions and qualities. There is one story quite as bad as Kipling's tales of child life in India; there are blustering stories, and stories of real vigour; there are vague rhapsodies, and there is true romance. The prairie, the veld, the ocean, London, and the Congo, all provide material for a batch of tales that appeal to the wanderer within us, and now and again satisfy us by their energy and picturesqueness.

FATHER HILARION. By K. Douglas King. 6s. Hutchinson.

Deep feeling and a simple, direct mode of expression gave distinction to Miss King's earlier book, "The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's." The deep feeling is not absent from "Father Hilarion," but though a much more ambitious work, it is also on a much lower level. The writer fumbles and often fails, yet the story should claim our sympathies. A village beauty passionately loved by two men, a gardener and a gentleman, returns the love of neither, but gives her heart, vainly, to one who is secretly the husband of another, and who, separated from his wife, has dedicated himself to a religious life. Far too many artificial contrivances and coincidences are used in the plot; the gardener, who has been a *protégé* of Hilarion's in former years, reappears in a quite new quarter of England, to disturb the love affair of Hilarion's young cousin. The village beauty brings up a child of unknown parentage, one of the manufactured children of fiction, who turns out to be the son of Hilarion. Then, too, the story drags, the earlier chapters being extremely tedious; while Miss King has done her chief character a great wrong—if, as seems probable, she desired our sympathy for him—by making the holy man appear before us in the beginning as weak, clumsy, pedantic, and a snob. There are good things in the book, and much nice sentiment, but there is no real grasp and no real vigour.

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK, and Other Stories. By F. Gerard (Madame de Laszowska). 6s. Blackwood.

The other stories are much better than "An Electric Shock," which is lengthy, dowdy, and far from interesting. Madame de Laszowska is a writer of imagination, even occasionally of poetical imagination, but of unpicturesque expression, and though tales like "The Portrait of Conceta P——," in which love and the supernatural are the leading features, she can tell effectively, we like her better in a purely worldly vein. Indeed, of all the stories here, the farcical one "My Wife's Christmas Supper," an awful tale of an experiment in the combination of the Christmas rites and foods of various nationalities, strikes us as much the best.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED. By Walter Besant. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

There is a legend that George III., when Prince of Wales, loved a Quaker maiden, a legend with much and varied circumstantial detail about it. The only serious investigator of the story disbelieves it altogether; but Sir Walter Besant, while accepting his view, thinks that some "flirtation or friendship with a girl of the middle class" may have existed. Whereupon he builds a very romantic story, not of "some flirtation or friendship," but of the intense passion of the heir to the throne for Nancy Walden. It is a book that can be put into the hands of the most innocent, for everyone concerned behaves in a highly moral fashion. The Prince is always attended by his brother in the interviews with the lady, who is chaperoned by her cousin; and his most impassioned utterances are as decorous as possible, while to the tune of "The King is dead; long live the King!" suddenly heard on the marriage morn, the well-trained Prince bids his bride a prompt and chilly farewell. As a man he behaved very badly, though always within the moral code; but readers need not resent his conduct, since to the lady he remained always a god. In his determination to avoid scandal, Sir Walter has been forced to emphasise some sides of the Prince which are not attractive, but now and again the stodginess of the royal mind and demeanour are surely a little exaggerated, the passage where he gives his views on the value of literature, for instance, reading almost like an audacious satire on the limitations of his intellect.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

JUBILEE GREETINGS AT SPITHEAD TO THE MEN OF GREATER BRITAIN. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. 1s. (Lane.)

The Jubilee has not gone by without at least one poetical commemoration of dignity and merit. Mr. Watts-Dunton's theme is the theme, and his sentiments are almost exactly the sentiments of "Rule Britannia," yet theme and sentiments are not expressed in rhodomontade but with genuine emotion and by living imagery. If we are to cherish so good a conceit of ourselves, let us have it swathed in melodious verse like this. It is civilizing to any jingo and inspiring to any man of chilly patriotism to read of the certainty of England's "Angel-lover" watching the fleet at Spithead, and smiling to the men of Greater Britain:

> "Brothers, the hand of Evening shakes
> A rosier haze through rosier flakes,
> Because your Angel of the Channel wakes
> To welcome you."

MONTAIGNE, AND OTHER ESSAYS, chiefly Biographical. By Thomas Carlyle. With Foreword by S. R. Crockett. (Gowans.)

If readers would like to know what Thomas Carlyle, when a young literary hack, thought of the county of Northampton, let them buy this volume. He had as much to say of Northamptonshire and Newfoundland as he had of Montaigne. He may have read Montaigne in those days, but you will not find it out from the first essay, which, like all the rest, is a business-like compilation from more or less reliable sources, of the chief facts about the subject's life and a recapitulation of the general judgment on him. The essays, contributed to Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" between 1820 and 1823, were quite good enough for their purpose. They represent honest work, but there is nothing of Carlyle in them from beginning to end. Mr. Crockett has performed his task not very willingly, but with his usual geniality.

MAN'S PLACE IN THE COSMOS, and Other Essays. By Andrew Seth, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

Professor Seth has been well advised in rescuing these essays from the fugitive form in which they originally appeared, and providing them with a permanent place in philosophical literature. They are all worthy of such a position. The subjects are in themselves important, and they have also played a considerable part in recent thought. Mr. Balfour's book and Professor Huxley's "Romanes Lecture" are carefully and thoroughly dealt with in two of the essays. Another gives an extremely lucid survey of the field occupied by the philosophical sciences. But probably many readers will value most highly the two papers in which the New Psychology and Mr. Bradley's "Appearance and Reality" are expounded and criticized. These are masterly essays, and will enable the less gifted students of philosophy to understand and to estimate recent developments in philosophical discipline and speculation. If it be true, as Professor Seth believes, that there is in recent years a marked revival of interest in philosophical discussion, it is gratifying to know that the Chair which has probably been more numerously and steadily resorted to than any other, should be occupied by a teacher so clear in his perception of truth, so sympathetic and penetrating in his criticism, so reasonable and lucid in his exposition.

THE MISSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE TO ENGLAND, according to the Original Documents, being a Handbook for the Thirteenth Centenary. Edited by Arthur James Mason, D.D., Canon of Canterbury. (Cambridge University Press.)

The late Archbishop of Canterbury thought that the publication of "a complete collection of authentic documents on Augustine's coming," with translation, notes, and illustrative essays, would be a suitable commemoration of that great occasion. Accordingly we have in this excellently edited volume the fulfilment of Dr. Benson's desire. Gregory's own letters, and those passages in Bede which relate to the mission of St. Augustine, are given in Latin and English, the text carefully ascertained, and illustrated with explanatory notes. Four dissertations, historical, typographical, and liturgical, are added by well-known experts; maps

and chronological tables complete a well-furnished manual on a subject to which many minds in England will naturally turn during this centenary.

FORECASTS OF THE COMING CENTURY. By a Decade of Writers, Alfred Russel Wallace, William Morris, Grant Allen, Bernard Shaw, Edward Carpenter, etc. 2s. 6d. net. (Labour Press, Manchester.)

The distinguishing feature of this collection of essays is not the newness of their material, but that together they treat nearly of the whole of human life as it may be effected by a Socialist system of government—the occupation of the land, co-operation, education, art, literature, and so on. Socialism outside Impossibilism is fairly represented and reasonably interpreted. To a student of the many movements under that name the book is a mere recapitulation; an outsider of another creed will judge the Socialist proposals more fairly and more as a whole from a perusal of it than from the speeches of one section, or the book of one interpreter, however able. Certain of the essays deserve special notice, however, that of Mr. Tom Mann dealing with the question how far Socialist aims may be furthered by Trades Unions and co-operation; that of Mr. Grant Allen on "Natural Inequality,"—for its valiant pegging away at the abolition of an old and obstinate misunderstanding—and that of Mr. Bernard Shaw on the "Illusions of Socialism." This last is not afraid to state openly the distinction between truth and truth as it can be grasped and made an inspiring motive power for work by a large number of average men, nor to make courageous admissions that Socialism, for instance, "will not prove worth carrying out in its integrity—that long before it has reached every corner of the political and industrial organization, it will have so completely relieved the pressure to which it owes its force that it will recede before the next great movement in social development." This essay is, to the thinking reader, worth all the rest—though very likely it will be misread alike by timid friends and hasty enemies.

WOMEN NOVELISTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN. A Book of Appreciations by Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Macquoid, Mrs. Parr, Mrs. Marshall, C. M. Yonge, Adeline Sergeant, and Edna Lyall. 10s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Generally speaking, the valuable part of this interesting volume is its information, not its criticism. About such writers as the authoresses of "Mary Powell," "The Valley of a Hundred Fires," and "The Night Side of Nature," most of us know little, and we are glad to know something. All the essayists have taken pains with their biographical summaries, and if their criticism be not always final, they have done a good work in recalling to our memories some writers of books forgotten and still readable. There is some loose writing, as when Miss Sergeant speaks of an advanced opinion uttered by Mrs. Crowe on the treatment of women as "the quintessence of Ibsenism." But it is mostly sensible and wholesome, whether the Brontës or Mrs. Craik or Mrs. Henry Wood be the subject.

ENGLISH HISTORICAL PLAYS. By Shakespeare, Marlowe, Peele, Heywood, Fletcher, and Ford. Arranged for Acting as well as for Reading. By Thomas Donovan. 2 vols. 15s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Donovan is very daring, and may expect some abuse for his meddling to be mingled with the gratitude which his attempt deserves. He says our dramatic chronicles are not acted, and not much read, which is a great misfortune. If our false sense of reverence would only allow a little interference with them, the lopping off or the joining of some useless scenes would adapt them to the modern stage. So far we are with him. But when he says of his experiment that "for some of the plays a more effective ending has been found, either by transposing a scene, or by omitting an anti-climax," we are too much aghast to find out whether we can tolerate such heresy. This, too, concerning "Edward II.," is astounding: "The author's own melodious song of the 'Passionate Shepherd' has been introduced, in order to eke out a somewhat meagre scene"! The scene is meagre enough, but the song is thrust in with entire irrelevance. However, Mr. Donovan has made a vigorous attempt to render these plays more popular. The attempt was worth making, and will, we are sure, be welcomed in many reading societies where textual reverence is not fanatical.

THROUGH FINLAND IN CARTS. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (Black.)

We shall all go to Finland now for our holidays, for Mrs. Tweedie describes a novel and interesting land, in which there are even to-day some echoes of the primitive life immortalised in the "Kalevala." She has given us a great deal of information in her rambling, good-natured, gossipy book, about the food we may expect to eat, about the politics and industries of the country, and how to ask for a bed. Much of the information can be got from other sources, but there is something more valuable than the guide-book details, namely, the pictures of domestic life and of the intimate customs of the people, a knowledge of which she has gained not as a tourist, but as a privileged visitor in Finnish households.

IN GARDEN, ORCHARD, SPINNEY. By Phil Robinson. (Isbister.)

THE WOODLAND LIFE. By Edward Thomas. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This class of books has come to be suspect. Their subjects tempt to a great deal of fine writing, which does not inspire their readers with a quicker observation of country life, and which does not contain any information worth mentioning. The most of them are flabby productions, but here we come across two written by honest students of nature. Mr. Phil Robinson, of course, is never vague, and these papers are as definite and as charming as ever, "The First Nest of a Rookery" being an excellent lesson in patient observation. There is much more fine writing in Mr. Thomas's book, which is modelled on Jefferies'; but, to be just, it is only used to record firsthand impressions, while, even had it been vaguer than it is, we should have more than forgiven it for its capital "Diary in English Fields and Woods."

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY. His Life and Poems. By Wilfred A. Gill. (Lane)

This volume, if only a collection of Lefroy's poems, would be most welcome, and its interest is much enhanced by the memoir and the critical estimate it includes. Not always do a poet's verses and his character conform, but in the case of Lefroy "his spiritual apperception of sensuous beauty was the outcome of a rare and exquisite personality;" and poems and life complement each other. The memoir, by Mr. W. A. Gill, is a sympathetic sketch of an earnest and lovable character; and the critical estimate, by J. Addington Symonds, is a charmingly-written and suggestive essay. Lefroy's fame must be based upon his century of sonnets, and that is surely a secure foundation, for the sonnets are delicate in workmanship and luminous in thought. "On the Beach in November" is in itself sufficient to separate Lefroy from the multitude of minor singers, but all his work is dignified and beautiful, "and to rest for a moment upon the spontaneous and unambitious poetry which flowed from such a nature cannot fail to refresh minds wearied with the storm and stress of modern thought."

THAMES SONNETS AND SEMBLANCES. By Margaret Armour and W. B. Macdougall. 5s. (E. Mathews.)

With the sonnets lies our clearest duty of appreciation. They are very well made sonnets, very dignified and harmonious. One of them, "Lo! the night-curtain from thy couch withdrawn," has some really striking lines descriptive of dawn effects and emotions by the great river. The "Semblances" concern us less, but they are too obtrusive to be ignored. We must frankly say that though one or two just escape being clever, they are all very ugly. We have no fault to find with their eccentricity, for the most fantastic of all, "Weep for the Dead," is far the best. It is the best because there is less in it of Mr. Macdougall's particularly unpleasing treatment of line, a treatment which quarrels outright with his subject.

A RIDE THROUGH WESTERN ASIA. By Clive Bigham. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

It was very difficult to travel in Asia Minor in the summer of 1895 and Mr. Clive Bigham made up his mind to do it. He was interested in the Eastern Question, and of the temper to enjoy risks. His journey was highly successful, and included, besides Asia Minor, a good part of Persia-

Turkish Arabia, some of the most interesting parts of Central Asia, with a return by the Trans-Siberian railway. In his record of it there is a great deal of information, and much evidence of careful observation. There are few generalisations, and no attempts at fine writing. The book has, therefore, deserved the kindly reception that has been given it; but we cannot wax enthusiastic on its account. It is businesslike, in the sense that its states facts clearly; but in a better sense it is not; for it states them with the impartiality of a schoolboy's letter, and the want of a little arrangement and a sense of proportion makes the reading of the book somewhat tedious. It is not entertaining, but when we travel in Western Asia, we must remember that Mr. Bigham's "Ride" is one of the best books from which to seek definite information and guidance. Two good maps and some reproductions from photographs are useful features which deserve mention.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By Temple Scott. 5s. net. (Bell.)

This is an excellent bit of work. Mr. Scott has aimed at completeness, and we shall be surprised if he be convicted of many omissions. These would only be in the unimportant section of articles on Morris's work. He has included not only the separate books and pamphlets, but newspaper articles, letters to newspapers, and broadsides, as well as descriptions and collections of books issued from the Kelmscott Press. The volume has been capitally printed by the Chiswick Press, and Messrs. Bell have sent it out in a pleasing and tasteful binding.

MEMORIALS OF CHRISTIE'S. By W. Roberts. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Bell.)

Mr. Roberts, the well-known bibliographer and bibliophile, has brought zeal and love and special knowledge to this important work. To describe it as merely a record of Art Sales from 1766 to 1896 is almost to wrong it; for it is no dry compilation of titles, dates, and prices, but a series of detailed histories, showing much research, and excellent critical judgment. The numerous photogravures are admirable, and the volumes have been produced in handsome and tasteful fashion.

MOLIERE AND HIS MEDICAL ASSOCIATIONS. By A. M. Brown, M.D. (The Cotton Press.)

The subject of this book has been treated in the great comedian's own country, particularly by M. Raynaud in his "Médecins au Temps de Molière," but the inquiry is new among us, though the Channel does not cut off its interest. From the *Medecin Volant* to *Le Malade Imaginaire* the medical faculty was Molière's favourite target for ridicule. The *médecins ambulants* the quacks, the court and society physicians all come in for their share, and Dr. Brown, a Molière enthusiast and student of the history of the time, investigates, without a shadow of professional resentment, the causes of the dramatist's animosity and cynicism. In doing so, he has added a very valuable chapter to our knowledge of Molière's circumstances, temperament, and opportunities. It was no mere chance prejudice that selected doctors for the poet's special ridicule. He "was witness," says Dr. Brown, "of a phase perhaps the most redoubtable the history of medicine presents. Next to disease itself nothing could be more deplorable, and all might be summed up as the undisputed reign of vile empiricism, blind faith in authority, an absence of rational measures, a deluge of horrible purgative formulæ, and the shedding of blood in torrents." It was the transition time from the old science to the new, and the old was at its worst and absurdest. Molière's connection with the court was likely to feed the satire, for the chapter on The Court Physicians and the Royal Case Book shows a record of most frequent and varied royal maladies and desperate remedies which more than anything else prove the strength of Louis's constitution. Then, too, his attitude to his own malady, has, says Dr. Brown, to be taken into account. He was *poitrinaire*, and he never owned that medicine held any hope for him. This scepticism only grew stronger with his need of relief. He had good friends among the doctors, but their science and art were to him vanity. Nature is kinder and more skilful, he thought, for the little time she lets us live. In the later satires the matter is deeply personal. Dr. Brown might have written his book less wordily, but we gratefully acknowledge the good matter he has put into it, the comprehensive survey of the science of the day, the study of the personalities that influenced Molière or provided him with material, and the recapitulation of the chief events in the wise poet's not very cheerful life which he transformed into food for our laughter.

SOME OBSERVATIONS OF A FOSTER PARENT. By J. C. Tarver. 6s. (A. Constable.)

Addressed respectfully to parents these essays on educational subjects are very brief, very sensible, for the most part, and very simple. We wonder if the parent will resent the simplicity a little, and the imputation contained in Mr. Tarver's humorously patient reiteration of very elementary truths. Well, he and his fellows have some old scores to pay for the parent's humiliation of the schoolmaster, and his payment is very gentle. Life in and out of school he deals with; he discusses athletics and Latin grammar, and even ventures an excursion inside the schoolboy's brain, scientifically and sympathetically curious about his blunders. All his opinions are not to be swallowed without thinking, of course. He says the wrong thing about the teaching of modern languages, we feel sure; and he sniffs at elementary education like the veriest Philistine and true-blue Etonian. But these are lapses in a career of such excellent sense as proves that a schoolmaster need be no pedant.

THE CHURCH OF THE SIXTH CENTURY. Six Chapters in Ecclesiastical History. By William Holden Hutton, B.D. With Illustrations. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)

The interest of the sixth century centres in Justinian. Personally a striking figure, his theological proclivities, his attitude towards the Church, and his legislation, made a deep mark on his own and succeeding centuries. Of his buildings Constantinople can still show significant remains; and the results of his "Cæsaro-papism" abide to this day. By confining his attention to "the Church" of the sixth century, Mr. Hutton saves himself from appearing as the rival of Gibbon in his elaborate account of the legislation of the great Emperor. He sketches with considerable detail the relation of the Roman to the Constantinopolitan see, the heresies which were rife in the period described, and the art of the sixth century. Necessarily Mr. Hutton has something to say regarding the supposed heresy of Justinian, and after all that has been written on both sides he finds himself compelled to leave the question unsolved. "I do not believe that we have yet full proof either way; but if that proof ever comes, I should be more surprised to find that it made certain the heresy than that it confirmed the orthodoxy of the greatest Greek theologian of the sixth century." Mr. Hutton has written a most interesting and informing volume.

RECENT ADVANCES IN THEISTIC PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By James Lindsay, M.A., B.D., B.Sc., etc., etc. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

Mr. Lindsay's present volume is the outcome of his excellent work on "The Progressiveness of Modern Christian Thought." It is the expansion of the most important chapter of the former book, that which dealt with Christian theism. No one is more competent than Mr. Lindsay to register the progress of thought in this department, and to show us exactly where we are and what point we have reached, and how we have reached it. For no one can be more familiar with modern philosophy, or be more completely master of its details. Indeed, the knowledge he betrays of the less-known German writers is surprising. Whatever has been written regarding the philosophy of religion, the Being of God, His personality and relation to the world, the nature and destinies of man, seems not only to have come under the eye of Mr. Lindsay, but to have been carefully studied by him. It will be objected to his work that it is comparatively formless, and that, had more time and labour been spent upon it, the student of philosophy would have found it easier to master. That is true. The author has given us the materials of a book rather than a finished piece of literature. Yet Mr. Lindsay's labour is far from being thrown away. Every opinion and idea in recent speculation worth knowing is here registered and criticised, and by an elaborate table of contents and full index the student is enabled with little trouble to find what he wants.

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2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

ALEPH.—This is sensible verse, not very poetical. There are needless repetitions in it. You might omit at least half of the stanzas, when its lesson would be much more effective. Poems of "such a nature" do "appear in book form," generally at the author's expense.

EVERETT ARNOLD.—Skilful in metre, and there is some meaning in the verse; but there are too many words for the meaning. If you could concentrate it all into one stanza, you might make a really forcible poem.

AYLWYN.—Bright and amusing; none the more so, however, because of the slangy phrases. Since it is something of an extravaganza, you should pile up the excitement towards the end. Interrupt the love scene in Chapter IV. by another adventure of Pinky, whose possibilities are not made the most of. If a few more wheel incidents were added, a cycling paper might take it.

A. H. C.—No, this won't do. Do you like the sound of it as you read it? And he is a poor thing, the hero. In ballads bold warriors are never tired.

A. S. F.—Not bad, but the language is rather ponderous, and the metre moves clumsily. Nos. 2, 3, 4 are the best. Line 1 of 2 should be altered. They have not the attractive qualities that would make them be readily accepted.

BEE.—The plot is rather too close an imitation of "The Merry Men." The descriptive portion, pp. 7 and 12, is good, quite above the average. The song is out of character. Keep it for another story, where a drawing-room hero might sing it. No, don't think of publishing this. It is not at all unpromising, but amateurish.

ANTHONY BABINGTON.—The workmanship is better than the matter, which is trifling enough. But for its brevity and directness it might get into a short story paper.

E. J. T.—Charitable and sympathetic. Nothing very novel in it. It would be impossible to judge from this specimen—though in style it is quite up to the average, and in tone probably above the average of minor journalism—whether you should "take to literature." A subject on which less had been written, and one which was not yet settled by common agreement, would better test your critical powers.

GAM.—Has good points, but there is far too much of it. Pick out just the more pithy, and amusing, and unconventional of Mary's sayings, and give one or two instances of her pluck. Ruthlessly omit all the rest.

NELLIE GREY.—A nice little story, perhaps rather too prim in style. You might offer some tales to a girls' magazine. You would have a better chance there than anywhere else.

G. C. K. M.—This is not written, but hastily ejaculated. Another time do not write your impressions till you have thoroughly digested your matter. If you attempt biography, do it thoroughly, and if you try criticism, write with more thought and care and fewer apologies. You are handicapped evidently by a consciousness of your slight knowledge of the subject. The subject is too comprehensive for your powers as yet. You might try an essay on one book of the writer's, or on his life alone.

HATHI.—Quite amusing. It might be accepted, but your handwriting is against it. I have found great difficulty in deciphering the MS.

HOPE.—I don't think a publisher would issue it as a booklet, save at your own expense, and I don't advise you to print it at all. You are on a wrong tack. The echo of shoddy sentiment will not make poetry. There is no reality in the thing that has inspired you to write, and so there cannot be force in your blank verse description of it. Feed yourself on good strong literary food for a year or two before trying to write.

H. J.—Fairly amusing and highly improbable. I think you might make the valour of the ladies last a little longer. The writing, especially of the first portion, is poor. It needs a great deal of revision.

H. K.—There is not much point about drowning the young fellow. You make the girl cry in the last page by way of producing an effect. But there is no good reason for the tragedy at all. The story is poor in design, and it has not literary merit.

J. A. G.—I think it is a mistake to try to write in this style. In the first place, to do it well is exceedingly difficult. To do it ill is to produce something very funny, and the important points, the story and the characterization, are apt to be neglected in the excessive attention paid to the artificial garment.

J. S.—Very promising indeed. There are some excellent phrases in it, and the subject is treated with dignity throughout. Printed, it would look boyish enough, but there is good and vigorous stuff in it, besides the evidence of a quick ear, which makes imitation easy.

LYRIC.—Very good sense, on the whole. You have developed the most useful side of the question, the one that most wants preaching to stop whining. But it would only be fair to refer to the important condition of much luck and success, the craft that wins by watching and profiting by and pandering to the weakness of the world. I don't know what kind of paper would print this. If read at a discussion society, it would suggest some interesting talk.

MARIBA.—Your first design was evidently to make it a humorous paper, your second to make it a contribution to natural history. In both purposes you are half-hearted, and for the latter perhaps not well enough equipped. You want more material to make an essay of this kind interesting.

RUBY.—This is very poor in style and uninteresting in matter. I cannot conscientiously encourage you to write stories.

RHEM.—The subject shows imagination. The style is dignified and careful, but wants brightness. Could you tell it in half the space, and with less description, it would have a much better chance.

SOMERSET.—Comparing the new verse with the printed booklet, I should say you are more successful with lyrical measures than with narrative poems. You have chosen a rather clumsy—at least, not an agreeable—kind of metre for the legend. The song would be difficult to sing. It does not suggest music. On the whole, the poem shows some careful work, but it is not very attractive.

SWEET WILLIAM.—You send far too much for criticism. "An Emotional Day," p. 2: "He was afflicted with an unusual tendency to jealous susceptibilities." This is very clumsy, and there is too much writing of the same kind; there are too many unnecessary French words, and the plot is rather a foolish one. "Father Christmas," p. 3: Can a "distraction" "surround"? "Little twigs of mistletoe peeped out mischievously, as if suggesting roguishness." The last clause is superfluous. The subject is an old popular one. You might learn to write for children. I don't think you would have much success in entertaining their elders. The style of the longer story is ponderous and artificial.

S. C. T.—The verses are very different in quality. The translation is distinctly good, save that in stanzas 3 and 4 you have introduced ideas not even suggested in the original. The sonnets are purposeless, and the third one changes its metre in the middle. The short lyric is pretty.

VAGABOND.—Carefully and nicely written. But on p. 11 you mean "spiritual," not "spirituelle." The sentiment and language hardly call for criticism, but it is all just a little dull and pointless. A missionary paper might print it.

W. S. S.—It is serious, careful verse, but not very interesting, and I don't think it would be read, save by those who are interested in the writer. Considering its length, the carefulness is well sustained.

W. W.—An excellent subject for a story. The funny incident (pp. 13-18) interrupts the narrative in an annoying fashion. Omit it certainly. Use it elsewhere if you can. Also some of the sententious person's observations might be left out. A little of him is amusing; pages of him weary. The first chapter is very carefully written. After that the style is more slovenly. There is a queer mixture of pronouns on p. 19.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Apocalypse, The, by H. G. H.....Stock
[*An attempt to explain the mysteries and the symbolism of the Apocalypse by Old Testament rules of interpretation.*]

Assumption of Moses, translated from Latin Sixth Century MS., edit. by R. H. Charles, 7/6.....Black

AVELING, F. W.—Who was Jesus Christ? and other Questions, 6/- K. Paul

BAKKER, A.—Diocesan Examination Questions in Religious Knowledge, 2/-.....Simpkin

BARING-GOULD, Rev. S.—Lives of the Saints, vol. 3, 5/- net..Nimmo

BESANT, A.—Four Great Religions, 2/- net.....Theos. Pub. Soc.

BODDY, Rev. A.—Christ in the Holy Land, 4/-.....S.P.C.K.

BRADFORD, A. H.—The Growing Revelation, 5/-.....Clarke

BUXTON, Rev. H. J. W., and Others.—Harvest and Flower Festival Sermons, 2/6.....Skeffington

FISKE, A. K.—The Myths of Israel, 6/-.....Macmillan

GRIFFINHOOFE, C. G.—Helps towards Belief in the Christian Faith, 3/6 Ward & Downey

HAWKINS, E. L.—The Student's Guide to the Gospels and Acts, 2/- Simpkin

HENSLOW, G.—The Argument of Adaptation, 6d.....Stoneman
[*A pamphlet written to prove that Protoplasm must have had a Designing Mind behind it.*]

Mission of St. Augustine to England according to the Original Documents, edited by A. J. Mason, 5/-.....Camb. Press

Modern Readers' Bible: Ezekiel, 2/6.....Macmillan

MOORE, T.—Beginnings of the English Church and Kingdom explained to the People, 5/-.....Skeffington

MUIR, Sir W.—The Mahommedan Controversy, etc., 7/6 T. & T. Clark
[*Sir William Muir is probably the greatest living authority on the life and doctrine of the Prophet. These essays, reprinted from the "Calcutta Review," are of permanent value, especially that dealing with the errors in existing biographies of Mohammed. The résumé of Sprenger on the Sources and Growth of Moslem Tradition is of great interest, as that work has never been translated into English.*

Besides those treating of Sir William's special subject, there are appeals for an enlargement of the Indian Liturgy and for the freer use of the Psalms in churches.]

MUIRHEAD, L. A.—The Times of Christ, 2/-.....T. & T. Clark

PARKER, J.—The Saviour in the Light of the First Century, 1/6..Hill
[*An examination of the evidence of Christ's contemporaries and of the Primitive Church in favour of His Divinity.*]

PIKE, E. C.—The Spiritual Basis of Nonconformity
Bible Christian Bookroom
[*Four lectures prepared at the request of the Exeter Evangelical Free Churches Council, on "Nonconformity and Individual Responsibility," "Nonconformity and the Church Catholic," "Nonconformity and The Crown Rights of the Redeemer," and "Nonconformity and The Fiery Pillar."*]

POPE, Rev. G. A.—St. John in the Desert, 2/- net.....Frowde

REID, H. M. B.—Books that Help the Religious Life.....Hitt
[*Brief accounts of and extracts from the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, the "Imitation," Law's "Serious Call," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and other famous religious works.*]

TOMLINSON, J. T.—The Prayer-Book Articles and Homilies....Stock
[*A series of valuable notes on the Black-Letter Holy Days, the Injunction of Elizabeth, the Ornaments Rubric, the Homilies, etc.*]

TYMM, T. V., and Others.—The Ancient Faith in Modern Light, 10/6
T. & T. Clark

WILKEN, C. A.—Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century, 4/6 net.....Heinemann

NEW EDITION.

ELLIS, C.—The Christ in Shakespeare, 3/6.....Houlston
[*An eccentric but interesting book, showing by many extracts both from the Bible and Shakespeare how often the great poet reflected scriptural truths.*]

FICTION.

ALFORD, E. M.—Honor, 2/-.....Partridge

ALLEN, J. LANE.—The Choir Invisible, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*See p.* 100.]

BARLOW, G.—The Daughters of Minerva, a Novel of Social Life, 3/6
Roxburgh Press

BECKE, L.—Pacific Tales, 6/-.....Unwin

BOLDREWOOD, R.—My Run Home, 6/-.....Macmillan

CHAYTOR, H. J.—The Light of the Eye.....Digby
[*A story with a really entertaining mystery in it.*]

COATES, A.—Rie's Diary, 3/6.....Chatto
[*We have nothing but praise for the first part of this lively and kindly story for girls. But Miss Coates unfortunately harks back to the time when writers of fiction made all the characters they were specially fond of die of broken hearts and consumption. The end was bound to be a little melancholy; but it need not have been so lachrymose.*]

CORELLI, M.—Jane, a Social Incident, illus., 2/- .....Hutchinson

CORRIE, T.—Petrel Darcy, 2/-.....Partridge

CRAWFORD, F. M.—A Rose of Yesterday, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*See p.* 99.]

Daughters of the City, by Author of "The Spirit of Love," 3/6
Roxburgh Press

DAVIS, R. H.—Soldiers of Fortune, 6/-.....Heinemann
[*See p.* 99.]

DOUDNEY, S.—Pilgrims of the Night, a Novel, 5/-.....Addison

EGERTON, G.—Symphonies, 4/6.....Lane
[*See* p. 100.]

ENGLISH, MARK.—The Sorrows of a Society Woman, 3/6
Roxburgh Press

FITZGERALD, G. B.—A Fleeting Show.....Digby
[*A story of artist life, decidedly above the average in interest and style.*]

FLEMING, G.—Little Stories about Women, 3/6.....Grant Richards
[*See p.* 97.]

FORBES, Mrs. W. R. D.—Blight, 6/-.....Osgood

FOLL, H.—Major Carlile, 6/-.....Digby

FORD, G.—The Larramys, 6/- .....Hutchinson
[*See p.* 99.]

FYFE, H. H.—A Trick of Fame, 2 vols.....Bentley
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GERARD, E.—An Electric Shock, 6/-.....Blackwood
[*See p.* 101.]

GIBBS, H.—A Long Probation, 6/-.....Burns & Oates

GILCHRIST, R. M.—A Peakland Faggot, 2/6.....Richards

GODFREY, H.—The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore, 3/6.....Jarrold

GOULD, N.—Not so Bad after All, 2/-.....Routledge

GREEN, F. L.—Whited Sepulchres, 3/6.....Saxon

GREY, R.—The Craftsman, 2/- .....Ward, Lock
[*Compares very favourably with the writer's more ambitious story, "The Power of the Dog." It deals sympathetically with the fortunes of a poor playwright, whom ill-fortune dogged for long. Readers cannot but be interested in his love-story and even in his play.*]

GUNTER, A. C.—Bob Covington, 2/-.....Routledge

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HORNUNG, E. W.—My Lord Duke, 6/-.....Cassell

HUME, F.—The Tombstone Treasure, 1/6.....Jarrold
[*An amusing little story, in which a charming Irish girl brings cheerfulness to the countenance of a melancholy and fascinating young man, and restores the fortunes of his house by finding buried treasure.*]

HURST, J. H.—Stephen Lescombe, Bachelor of Arts.....Putnams
[*An exasperating story. By all the laws it should have ended happily, yet the long-delayed fortune comes to the starving young man just an hour after his death, and the woman he loves arrives just before. Things happen so, of course, but the story is not so full of reality as to reconcile us to the melancholy end.*]

KING, E. D.—Father Hilarion, 6/-.....Hutchinson
[*See p.* 101.]

KING, Capt. C.—Trials of a Staff Officer, 3/6.....Lippincott

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[*A fairly good criminal romance. At least, the reader is kept sufficiently in the dark about the truth of the murder till near the end.*]

MASON, A. E. W.—The Philanderers, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*See p.* 99.]

MENDHAM, C. A.—A Troth of Tears.....Digby
[*A story of the early part of the century, which an ingenious preface presents as a Jubilee novel. Readers are kindly requested to compare the personages of the story and their circumstances with their own life, and be grateful—which they most assuredly will do.*]

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Rameau's Nephew, a Translation from Diderot's Autographic Text by S. M. Hill, 3/6.....Longmans
[*See p.* 95.]

RUSSELL, C.—A Tale of Two Tunnels, 3/6.....Chapman
[*Vigorous, as are all Mr. Clark Russell's sea-tales, and very novel in plot. Few writers, bound as he is to one set of subjects, are so free from conventions and from repetitions.*]

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SINJOHN, J.—From the Four Winds, 6/-.....Unwin
[*See p.* 101.]

STOCKTON, F.—A Story-Teller's Pack, illustrated, 6/-.....Cassell

STURGIS, J.—The Folly of Pen Harrington, 6/-.....A. Constable

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[*See p.* 96.]

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MOLLOY, J. F.—The Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean, Tragedian, 1787-1833, 5/-.....Downey

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[*See p.* 101.]

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[*The proceeds of the booklet will be devoted to the Canterbury Cathedral Thirteenth Centenary Fund.*]

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[*See p.* 92.]

ORDISH, T. F.—Shakespeare's London, 3/- net.....Dent

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[*See p.* 93.]

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[*See p.* 102.]

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New books, in order of demand, as sold between May 15th and June 15th, 1897:—

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1. Skeffington's Jubilee Sermons. 2s. 6d. (Skeffington.)
2. Farrar's Sixty Years of Progress. 1s. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)
3. Cyprian. By Benson. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)

The Jubilee has put a complete stop to the sale of general literature; lives of the Queen and books upon her reign have been the chief books sold during the month. The demand for hymns and services for the 20th was a distinct feature.

LONDON, W.C.

1. Johnsonian Miscellanies. Edited by Birkbeck Hill. 2 vols. 28s.
2. Lord Roberts' Forty-one Years in India. 2 vols. 36s.
3. Gardiner's Cromwell's Place in History. 3s. 6d.
4. Krehbiel's How to Listen to Music. 6s.
5. Gissing's Whirlpool. 6s.
6. Conan Doyle's Uncle Bernac. 6s.

Nothing special amongst the Jubilee books selling.

MANCHESTER.

1. Crockett's Lads' Love.
2. Lives of the Queen, from 1d. to 21s.
3. Schreiner's Peter Halkett.
4. Gardiner's Cromwell.
5. Horton's Cromwell.
6. Zola's His Excellency.

BURNLEY.

1. Sixty Years a Queen. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. 8 parts. 1s. each. (Harmsworth Bros.)
2. Phroso. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
3. These Sixty Years. By Holmes and others, R.T.S. 2s. 6d.
4. Who's Who. 3s. 6d. net. 1897. (A. & C. Black.)
5. Britain's Queen. 5s. (Shaw & Co.)
6. Horton's Oliver Cromwell. 3s. 6d. (James Clarke & Co.)

BIRMINGHAM.

1. McCarthy's Our Own Times. New vol.
2. Lives of the Queen (various).
3. Lord Roberts' India. 2 vols.
4. Escott's Social Transformations.
5. Windle's Life in Early Britain.
6. Diamond Jubilee Literature.

BRADFORD.

1. Bronte's Homeland, Ramsden. 3s. 6d. (Roxburghe Press.)
2. Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
3. Jane. Marie Corelli. 2s. (Hutchinson.)
4. Machiavelli. By John Morley. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
5. Social Transformations of the Victorian Age. By Escott. 6s. (Seeley.)
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5. Horton's Cromwell. 3s. 6d.
6. Gardiner's Cromwell's Place in History. 3s. 6d.

SUNDERLAND.

1. Life of Queen. (S.P.C.K. and others.)
2. In the Tideway. By F. A. Steel. 6s. (Constable.)
3. Uncle Bernac. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
4. Academy Pictures. Vol. and parts. (Cassell.)
5. Bible Commentaries. Various volumes. 4s. (S.P.C.K.)

Book business very dull.

ABERDEEN.

1. Royal Academy Pictures, 1897. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
2. Saint Columba. By McGregor. 1s. net. (Hitt.)
3. Poets and Poetry of the Century. By Miles. Sacred, Moral and Religious Verses. 4s. (Hutchinson,)
4. Farrar's The Bible. 15s. (Longman.)
5. These Sixty Years. 2s. 6d. (R.T.S.)
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6. History of Our Own Times. By McCarthy. Vol. 5. 12s.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

DERBY.

A considerable depression is noticeable in all classes. Guide books, fiction, and technical text-books are in chief demand. Business during the half-year has been generally weak, and the summer bids fair to make a bad record in the book trade. In the Midlands, we miss the faces of many old clients, some of whom are in town for the celebrations, and much superfluous cash in the district is going to dealers in bunting, lanterns, flags, pork, cycles, cheap excursions, and whiskey.

LIVERPOOL.

Very little doing, except in Jubilee goods. Other classes of goods selling sparingly.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Lloyd's Encyclopædic Dictionary, vol. 6, publisher's cloth.
Life of Bishop Magee, 2 vols.
Life of Lord Roberts, 2 vols.
Romage's Drumlanrig and the Douglases.
McDowall's Guide to Dumfries.
McDowall's History of Dumfries.
Porter's Knights of Malta.
Muston's History of the Waldenses.
Bertram Mitford's 3s. 6d. Novels.
Dead Man's Rock, by Q.
Grant's County Directory (Scotland), latest.
Douglas, or the Field of Otterburn.
Carlyle's Frederick, 8vo, vol. 4.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Reid's (R. W.) Moorland Rhymes.

FRED. BALMFORTH, THORNTON ROAD, HUDDERSFIELD.

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HENRY BOND, LINCOLN.

Shakespeare Society Publications—No. 37, Moral Play of Wit and Science, 1848; No. 48, Defence of Poetry, Music and Stage Plays, by Lodge, 1853.
Early English Text Society's Publications—Original Series, Nos. 1, 13, 14, 15, 18, 22, and 74.

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Old Volumes of Tracts.
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Thornton's Don Juan.
Curse of Minerva, 1812.
Any Life of G. Morland.
History of Maharajas, 1865.
Old Freemasonry Books.

THOMAS CARVER, 8, HIGH TOWN, HEREFORD.

Tregelles' Translation of New Testament.
Dwnn's (Lewis) Heraldic Visitations of Wales.
Garden of Health, 1633.
Donelly's Atlantis.
Grimm's Tales, illus. by Cruikshank.
Kipling's Departmental Ditties, 2nd, 3rd and 4th editions.
Merry Mount, 2 vols., Boston, 1849.
Response to the toast "The President of the United States," with response of Dr. O. W. Holmes, at banquet by Philomathic Society, Liverpool, 1886.
Croker's Tract on Cyder-making.